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MARCH 29, 1974

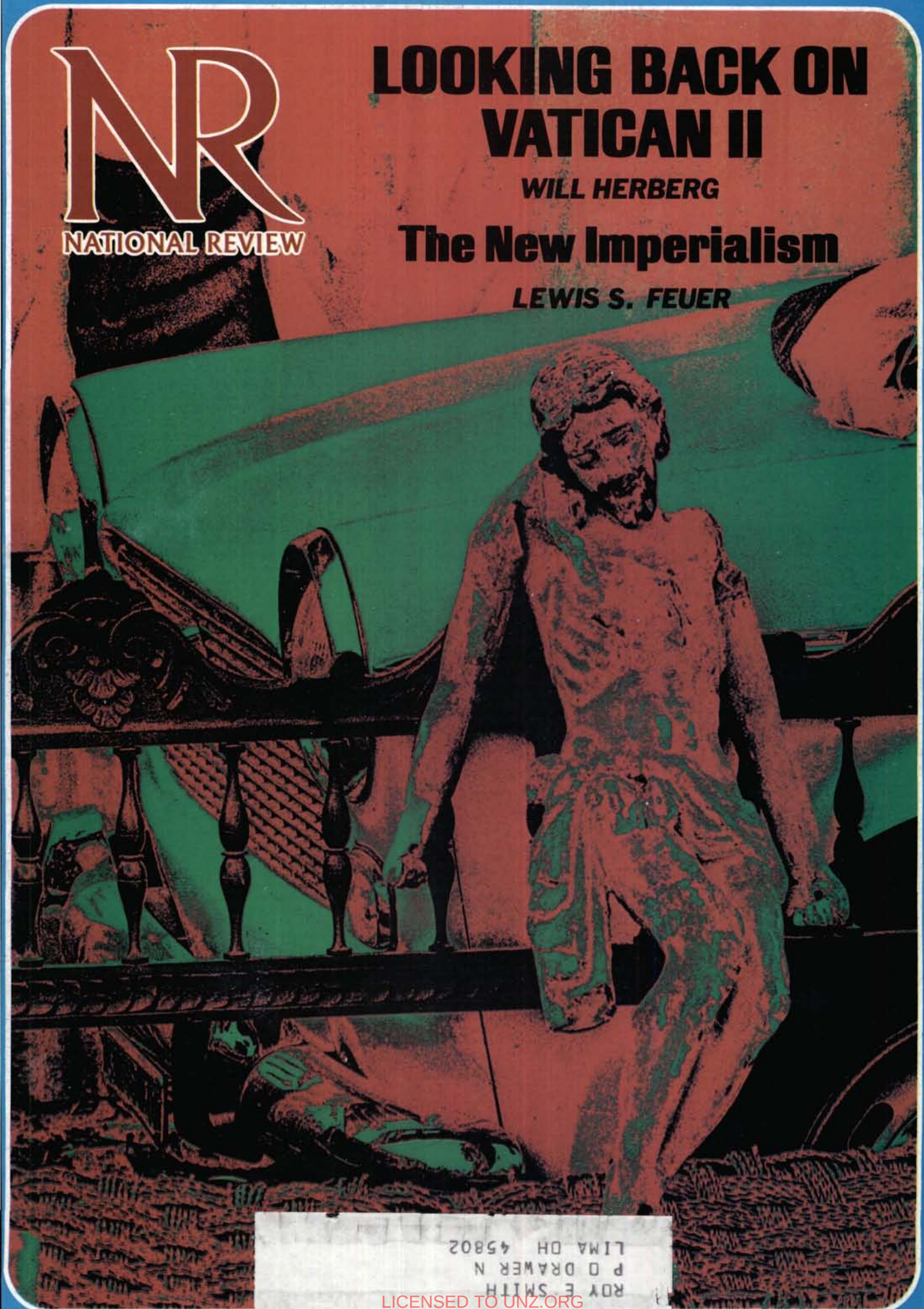
NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

# LOOKING BACK ON VATICAN II

WILL HERBERG

## The New Imperialism

LEWIS S. FEUER



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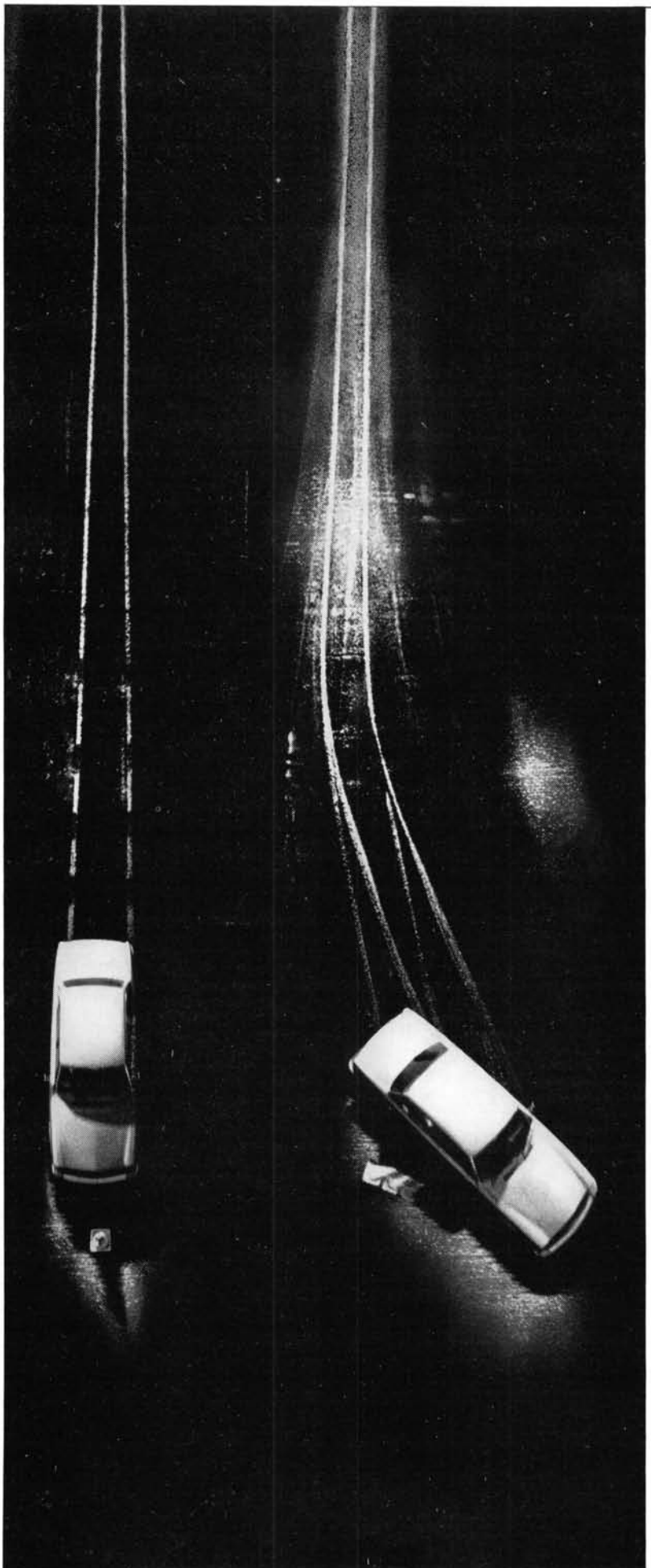

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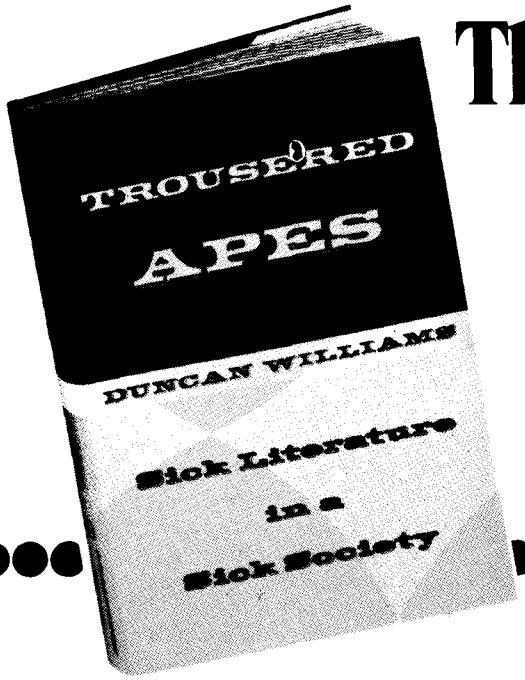


# Three eminent British newspapers called this underground book one of the best of the year

## TROUSERED APES

*Sick Literature in a Sick Society*

**Duncan Williams** *Foreword by* MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

"Anything goes," proclaimed a memorable Cole Porter song of the Thirties—but sardonically. It remained for the Savage Sixties and the Sick Seventies to emancipate us—to the level of trousered apes.

British professor Duncan Williams takes the view, lately unfashionable, that art can corrupt: "the arts in general are not merely a mirror reflecting social and cultural values, but are, on the contrary, powerful forces which shape and mould the way in which people live and behave."

Thus the lurid themes that dominate literature and drama today—sadism, sodomy, the drug culture, barnyard sex—and the raw rendering of them, work their poison into the social body. The result is animalism. Trousered apes. "We are teaching savagery," notes Professor Williams, "and are naively appalled at the success of our instruction."

With urbanity and easy learning, Professor Williams links today's trousered apes to their forebear, Rousseau's Noble Savage. Two centuries of revolt against religion, reason and order led us to Woodstock.

In his provocative Foreword, Malcolm Muggeridge traces the odyssey of this book in its British edition, from underground sleeper to nomination among 1971's Books of the Year by three eminent London papers: the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. The book's message is at least as urgent for America.

### Witty, erudite, passionately felt

"Witty, erudite, passionately felt . . . . a brilliant attack, and perhaps the beginning of a major argument of the '70s."—C. P. Snow, *Financial Times*

"Professor Williams, after closely studying contemporary developments in art and literature . . . observes, and brilliantly describes, the increasing predominance of an anti-civilizing trend, closely linked to a cult of ugliness, a morbid concentration on the baser elements of life, a clinical obsession with the bizarre, with the grossly sensual and degrading aspects of human nature . . . Masterly analysis."—Peregrine Worsthorne, *Sunday Telegraph*

"Provocative and important new book."—Peter Grosvenor, *Daily Express*

"A powerful indictment of the 'arrogant primitivism' which in fiction, the drama and the popular arts glorifies violence and animalism . . . a powerful analysis of the violence allied to triviality that characterises so much of our contemporary society." —*Tablet*

"Acute in diagnosing and describing the malady." —Michael Wharton, *Daily Telegraph*

"Here in England, the book began by being more or less bootlegged. Few reviewers noticed it (an honorable exception being C. P. Snow, who dealt with it at length), bookshops didn't stock it, the trade and the literary establishment left it severely alone. The reason is obvious. *Trousered Apes* (the title is taken from C. S. Lewis) is a cogently argued, highly intelligent and devastatingly effective anatomisation of what passes for culture today, showing that it is nihilistic in purpose, ethically and spiritually vacuous, and Gadarene in destination." —Malcolm Muggeridge

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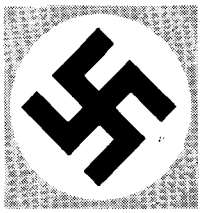

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXVI, NO. 13 MARCH 29, 197

## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . Mr. **Will Herberg**, *NR*'s Religion Editor, looks back on the nearly ten years since the end of Vatican II and the nearly 400 years since the great Council of Trent and finds that Vatican II has brought to an end the open warfare between Catholic and Protestant that Trent more or less formalized. But this rapprochement has come at a cost: the *frondeurs* of Vatican II in their lust after *aggiornamento* have declared open season on the Church. Mr. Herberg finds the post-Conciliar Church "in not a very good state." . . . **Anthony Lejeune**, who covers British politics regularly for NATIONAL REVIEW, got in just under the deadline with his account of the recent British elections. Mr. Lejeune was gloomy about the situation when Edward Heath called the elections, is gloomier still about the results, and feels that Britain's Conservative Party may be looking for a new leader soon, and that Enoch Powell won't, for a variety of mostly obvious reasons, fill that slot. . . . Professor **Lewis S. Feuer** of the University of Toronto's sociology department takes a look at nineteenth century imperialism, discusses post-WW II anti-imperialism, and feels that events stemming from Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal in 1956 may lead to what he calls a neo-Social Imperialism: a provocative thesis persuasively argued. Mr. Feuer last appeared in *NR* in October 1972 with an appraisal of the Democratic convention of that year, "Democrats versus Democracy." His *Einstein and the Generations of Science* (Basic Books) is due next month. . . . **James Burnham** concludes in this issue his series of columns on terror. . . . A mixed bag in "On the Right." Mr. **Buckley** discusses Solzhenitsyn's letter to the Soviet leaders, gets an unholy charge out of Peking's attack on Owen Lattimore as an "international spy" (could McCarthyism be rearing its ugly head in the Middle Kingdom?), and tells a happy tale of a lady in distress. . . . **Robert D. Novak**, of the Evans & Novak team, finds Drew Pearson's diaries more revealing of Pearson's own ambitions and conceits than salacious. —PLB


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# Letters

## JLB/SALT II

High time you published something on defense. After those two excellent articles a couple of years ago—Charles Benson's on deterrence and Donald Brennan's on SALT I—there had been a long drought in *NR* on this issue, which is possibly the most important one facing us today.

Senator James L. Buckley's "Racing against the Arms Race" [March 15] is just what I have been looking for in your pages. Now if only the Senator can convince his colleagues in the Senate as thoroughly as he has convinced me.

*Darien, Conn.* TOM PETRILLO

## Dogmatic Confusion

You didn't mention this point in "The Dragon Rumbles" [March 1], but the current anti-Confucian campaign in the People's Republic of China must be creating some exquisite confusion in Hanoi. Not that Hanoi is bogged down in Confucian dogma, but its theoretical journal *Hoc Tap* (Chinese "*Hsueh Hsi*") means roughly "study and practice" and is taken from the first verse of the Confucian Analects. Anyone who has ever studied Confucius at all is likely to remember that little tag.

Presumably, as long as Ho Chi Minh was alive, no one could criticize the name of the periodical. Ho outranked Mao in the international Communist hierarchy. But things have changed, and may change even more. It will be interesting to see how Hanoi handles this hot potato.

*New York, N.Y.* HUGH B. O'NEILL

## Ford's Last Stands

I was appalled by Pete Rainer's article on the director John Ford ["Arts & Manners," March 1]. It was a disservice to possibly the greatest American director. First, Ford made over 140 films, more than 98 of which were feature length—Rainer's "over 80" is not technically wrong, but it does not do Ford justice. Second, what kind of criticism is it to say that Ford repeated himself in his later works? After almost 100 feature-length films (or anything else, for that matter), what mortal wouldn't repeat himself? Third, Rainer mistakes sustained brilliance and theme continuity in Ford's later works for "sameness." And it is sustained brilliance that separates the truly great talents from the flashes. Lastly, any review of Ford's work that doesn't pay tribute to *The Sun Shine Bright*, *The Searchers*, and *The Rising o the Moon* is either derelict or simply ur informed.

Ford was a poet of last stands and lo causes. And a poet of such sentiment should find better treatment in a periodic dedicated to the conservative viewpoin the last stand and lost cause par exce lence.

*Minneapolis* JOSEPH K. MCLAUGHLI

## Big Spender

James Burnham writes with his usual i sight and skill in your issue of Februar 15—this time on Henry Kissinger.

While he writes glowingly of our Secr tary of State's virtuosity, mobility, an fluidity, he does not look at the results o his maneuvers. Mr. Kissinger is much lik a man with a pocketful of credit card He looks heroic while he is using then But there is a reckoning, as we all kno

I have been in Australia, Japan, an most of the countries of the Far East i Henry's wake. The shambles and deteri ration are frightful. It has rightly bee said of his efforts, "They discourage th good guys and encourage the bad guys

ROBERT MORR
Preside

*Plano, Tex.* University of Plan

## Whose Nut Is Shockley?

*NR* recently dismissed Shockley as "a nu ["Dysgenics," Feb. 1] but I'm afraid th won't do. He has been so dismissed yea after year by powerful opponents, but he still around, and stronger than ever. Eve if he is a nut (and he is that too), it important to make clear whose nut he i i.e., theirs, not ours.

My disagreement begins where Shocl ley's argument comes to an end. Grante for argument's sake that Shockley is rigl on every count, including his contentio that people with a low IQ cannot cop with the strenuous requirements of lif in a highly technological society. It doe *not* follow that all we can do is look fo humane ways of getting rid of them. Wh take intelligence as your ultimate standar for the good society? There are other cr teria.

To understand the outpouring of ha

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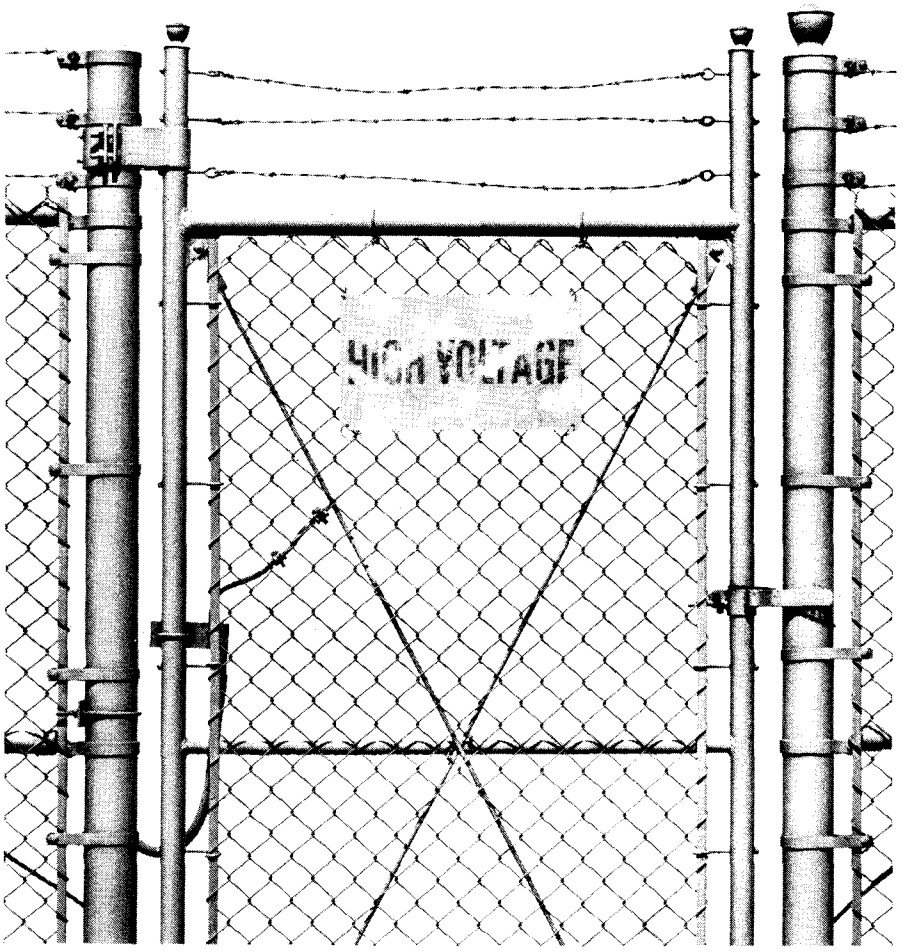


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from his humanist and progressive brother you must begin by realizing that this "a family affair." A quarrel betwee *frères ennemis*. Shockley is one of then A progressive, a scientist, and a social er gineer, his ethics is as firmly rooted in th enlightenment as theirs is. What frighter them is that Shockley takes enlightenmer ethics so much more seriously than the do. He is determined to pursue the log of it to its very last consequence: know edge is power to change not only th natural and social environment, but th genetic environment as well. *Inde ira.*

Shockley has put all the liberal ange on his side: science; freedom of inquir freedom of speech; academic freedom; th right to know; social planning; the benef of mankind; the welfare of future gener tions; genetic ecology; the perfect societ utopia. The whole lot. He's clobberir them with their own weapons. Their dive sionary tactic consists in passing Shocl ley's ideas for another manifestation benighted reactionary conservatism whe they are nothing but the purest expressic of enlightened progressive liberalism.

Thus the contemptible treatment ir flicted on him by large segments of th academy. How pathetic to see some of th most eloquent champions of academ freedom suddenly struck with aphas when the topic of Shockley's rights hap pens to come up. Distinguished libera who shudder at the thought of Angel Davis' not being treated with utmost de erence at Harvard, fearless libertarian who'd give their lives to defend Willian Kunstler's right to speak at Yale, they a manage to find themselves otherwise oc cupied when it comes to defending Shock ley's right to the same.

Let's also dispose of the notion tha Shockley has no expertise in genetics. man with Shockley's mind—a mind whic earned him a Nobel Prize in physics– cannot help being a specialist in a subjec any subject, to which he has devoted seve or eight years of his life. Which doesn mean that Shockley can't be wrong on th subject, as I believe he is. But that's a entirely different story.

*Stanford, Calif.* ALPHONSE JUILLAN

## DDT

*NR* quotes ["The Week," Feb. 1] a repor by the Senate Internal Security Subcom mittee as stating: "Researchers have foun that cannabis accumulates in the brain an gonads in the manner of DDT . . ."

DDT does not accumulate in the brai and gonads. DDT is stored in minut amounts in body fat. To quote Dr. J. E Barnes of the World Health Organizatio (WHO): "DDT is relatively slowly me tabolized and excreted by the mamma and by virtue of its solubility characteris tics tends to get laid down in tissue fa Here it would have remained as an innc cent and unrecognized passenger but fc the fact that chemists invented a sensitiv chemical method. Thus it has become po



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sible to establish an anxiety neurosis in respect to a few parts per million of a compound where a few parts per thousand are of no toxicological significance."

The amount of DDT in body fat of the general population is decreasing because of the lessened use of DDT. Unusually high levels occur in workers in a DDT factory in California, and they average more than four offspring per family. High levels of exposure to DDT also occur in the WHO's employees who spray the insides of dwellings in the malaria eradication program. The WHO states that no ill effects have been observed among these 30,000 spraymen.

*Berkeley, Calif.* THOMAS H. JUKES

### Cuir Russe

I was delighted with the report in "For the Record" [Jan. 4] of the Israeli perfume Chutzpah—what a wonderfully appropriate name! Did you know Sears has a fragrance in Men's Toiletries named Russian Leather? This name in French translation was applied to a classic *women's* perfume when I was a girl. Phonetically speaking, can you imagine what a bomb that would be on the masculine market?

*Beaver Falls, Pa.* GRACE HETZLER

### Profit Sharing

John Chamberlain ["The 'Iron Law of Wages,'" Jan. 4], in replying to Mildred Adams ["A Proposal to Halt Inflation," Nov. 23] said various things about profit sharing with which I must disagree.

Profit sharing provides no incentive for the individual employee since profits are primarily determined by the policies and efficiency of management; also, it is not a "voluntary" matter (if one refuses to join one is automatically dismissed). Finally, it should be noted that a majority of the directors of the profit sharing fund are chosen from the board of directors of the corporation; thus, the employees have virtually no voice in determining the use of funds which are deducted from their checks. (The integrity of such directors must be questioned; they desire the fund to grow but not at too rapid a rate, since this could lead to early retirements.)

To make profit sharing more efficient it must be completely voluntary and should be run by some outside organization. Even then its merits are questionable.

*Chicago, Ill.* MARTIN GORSKI

Since none of your readers has pointed out the root fallacies in Mildred Adams' article, "A Proposal to Halt Inflation," allow me to puncture the myth of "profit sharing." Profit sharing has, historically, been a syndicalist idea. I quote the great neoclassical free marketarian, Ludwig von Mises: "The root of the syndicalist idea is to be seen in the belief that entrepreneurs and capitalists are irresponsible autocrats who are free to conduct their affairs arbitrarily. . . . The fundamental error of this argument is obvious. The entrepreneurs and capitalists are not irresponsible autocrats. They are unconditionally subject to the sovereignty of the consumers. The market is a consumers' democracy. The syndicalists want to transform it into a producers' democracy. This idea is fallacious, for the sole end and purpose of production is consumption."

In other words, neither labor per se nor an increase in productivity per se necessarily has anything to do with profits or losses. Profits and losses emerge according to the subjective evaluations of the consumers. We can increase the production of Ford Edsels tenfold or have a million men dig a million holes in the middle of the desert and I assure you we will take a fantastic loss, a loss which I'm sure the workers at Ford would not want to share.

Unfortunately, profit sharing would not halt inflation because inflation is not the result of a lack of profit sharing. Besides, I wonder if it has ever occurred to Mrs. Adams that the Fed's increase in the money supply (inflation) induces labor unions to push for higher wages, rather than vice versa.

The ironical part is that Mrs. Adams is attempting to bolster the idea of capitalism with socialist notions—or at least variations on the theme of socialism. I respectfully encourage Mrs. Adams to check out the works of Ludwig von Mises, Frédéric Bastiat, and Eugen Böhm-Bawerk for interesting tidbits concerning the neoclassical free market.

*Oakland, Calif.* H. E. LEAR JR.


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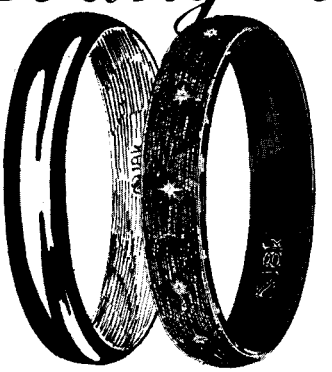

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# FOR THE RECORD

■ **Watergate** and Nov. 5: **Wheelock Whitney**, who looked like a very good bet in Minnesota as Republican gubernatorial candidate, has decided not to run, for WRR (Watergate-related reasons). . . . In Hartford, Republican Governor **Thomas Meskill** has announced he's retiring at the end of this term. . . . In Texas, Republican **Hank Grover**, who was narrowly beaten by Gov. **Dolph Briscoe** in one of the most surprising contests in 1972, won't even enter the GOP gubernatorial primary this year. No money, he says, plus no support from the Republican establishment in Texas. (Briscoe, incidentally, is the odds on favorite to beat liberal **Sissie Farenthold** in the Democratic May 4 primary.) . . . On the other hand, in South Carolina, Gen. **William Westmoreland**, who could have had the Democratic nomination for the asking, has announced he'll run for governor on the Republican line (the last time the GOP elected a governor in S.C. was during Reconstruction). However, Westmoreland says he won't ask his former C-in-C to campaign for him. . . . **Pierre du Pont**, Republican congressman from (natch) Delaware, takes National Chairman **George Bush** to task for making comforting noises about November. "1974," says du Pont, "is going to make the **Goldwater** election look like a Republican victory." . . . **AFL-CIO COPE** (Committee on Political Education) is holding seven conferences between March 8 and April 10 in New York, Boston, Omaha, Chicago, Albuquerque, Portland, and San Francisco to orchestrate big labor's drive for what it calls a "veto proof Congress" in November, i.e., a Congress able to override Nixon vetoes. . . . Members of the **Impeach Nixon Committee** met in Chicago on March 8 to plan three major rallies April 27 in New York, Chicago, and an as yet unselected West Coast city. . . . Meanwhile the March 7 **Harris** poll found

Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Rothco

**"Darling, can you help me—I've forgotten the combination of the bread safe."**

that 75 per cent of the people agreed with the statement: "[President] Nixon has lost so much credibility that it will be hard for him to be accepted as President again."

■ Much of the far left disapproves the **Patricia Hearst** kidnapping. *Great Speckled Bird*, the Atlanta undergrounder, has attacked the **Symbionese Liberation Army** (SLA) because "these kinds of individual terroristic actions do not help build a mass movement to change our society." . . . The **Trotskyist** *Militant* has run a series of anti-SLA articles, and the Maoist and pro-Castro **Venceremos Organization** is also in opposition. . . . On the other hand, **Bernardine Dohrn**, a fugitive member of the shortlived Weatherman movement, has endorsed the kidnapping in a letter to San Francisco newspapers. (Miss Dohrn was also delighted by the **Manson** family's brutal murder of **Sharon Tate**.) . . . Vying with the Dump Nixon movement for space in the far left press these days is a wel orchestrated (mostly by the Communis Party) drive against "the fascist cliqu in Chile." Swedish Ambassador **Harald Edelstam**, who was kicked out of Chil by the junta, is on an eight-week tou of the U.S. to describe "the crime committed against the Chilean people. At an NYC rally, his sponsors in cluded: Amnesty International, th Chile Solidarity Committee, Chilean for Democracy, the Emergency Com mittee to Save Chilean Health Work ers, the Medical Committee for Humai Rights, and the U.S. Latin Americai Justice Committee.

■ A recent report by an economi commission of the **European Commoi Market**, taking the energy crunch int account, predicts a zero growth rate fo **Britain** in 1974, and a growth rate fo the Market as a whole of between 2 and 3 per cent. . . . British reports in dicate that if the Tories decide t change leaders **William Whitelaw**, wh worked out the Northern Ireland com promise (that may or may not stick) has the inside track to succeed **Edward Heath**. . . . A poll of **Church of England** members on abortion-on-demanc finds that only 18 per cent approve now, as against 21 who approved fou years ago. . . . British soldiers on patro in **Belfast** were startled last week wher five naked men and two naked women ran past them and refused orders t stop—streaking had come to Belfast. It was a welcome diversion, said one of the Tommies.

■ Instant bestsellerdom: On Feb. 2 the Peking *People's Daily* announced Chairman **Mao**'s approval of a pamphlet attacking both former Defense Minister **Lin Piao** and **Confucius**. On March 12, the New China News Agency reported 200 million copies of the pamphlet had been sold, pretty good going in a month and ten days.



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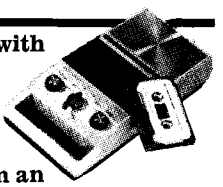

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# THE WEEK

■ With income tax time approaching, it is time to take your annual note of Glogg's Law, which states that the strong take it from the weak, the clever take it from the strong, and the government takes it from everybody.

■ Marijuana: a group of scientists at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons has announced findings which contradict the 1972 report of the National Commission on Drug Abuse. They suggest that marijuana, instead of being a harmless drug, may be a kind of biological time bomb lodged in the reproductive systems of long-term users. It may attack their resistance to disease and also be passed on to their offspring with resulting cellular damage. The Columbia scientists have urged extreme caution in forming conclusions about the use of the drug.

■ "Despite five years of conservative rhetoric and efforts at retrenchment, the Republicans have succeeded in more than doubling the government's spending on social welfare," says the *Wall Street Journal*'s Jonathan Spivak. The Agriculture Department's food-stamp program has grown about fifteenfold since 1969; Veterans Administration expenditures have more than doubled. There's a new federal program, Supplemental Security Income, whose payments Congress has already increased twice. Social Security is the biggest federal monster of them all. Under Nixon, SS payments have increased more than 70 per cent. The coming year's outlay is $79 billion—more than the entire budget of 1957. Last year government welfare spending *exceeded* $1,000 per person. Thou hast conquered, South Dakotan.

■ According to the U.S. Office of Education, there are now more than 300 courses in *white* ethnic studies throughout the country—financed primarily by bounteous federal grants. In 1975 Illinois will require a statewide program of ethnic studies including "the role and contributions of American Negroes, and other ethnic groups including but not restricted to Polish, Lithuanian, German, Hungarian, Irish, Bohemian, Russian, Albanian, Italian, Czech, French, and Scots." Father Andrew Greeley, a proponent of the ethnic courses, favors them because "he who understands his own tradition is more likely to be sympathetic to someone else." When asked why she was taking a Polish studies course one Detroit girl replied: "I ain't no Polack. I'm Irish and I'm only here because it's easy . . ."

■ The Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments has held its hearings on abortion. Various clergymen and clergypersons testified, repeating the familiar arguments. Bella Abzug testified too. She noted that the Senate consists entirely of men, the House almost entirely, so that women "in this setting have no franchise." She called the Buckley Amendment to the Social Security Amendments of 1973, which would prohibit the use of Medicaid funds for abortions, a piece of "class legislation," which in a way it is, since its effect would be to protect disproportionately the lives of the poor; though it should be added, in fairness to Senator Buckley, that he wants to extend this protection to the affluent. And on and on: "Those who would impose a ban on abortion in the name of protecting the rights of the unborn would deprive recognized citizens of their right under the First Amendment, which guarantees [in the Abzug version] secular supremacy, and their constitutional right to privacy." Then there would be the problem of torts: "Could the fetus sue for negligence if the mother contradicted [*sic*] German measles?" Back when Bella was a fetus, women weren't allowed to contradict *anything*. Life was simpler then.

■ According to *Pravda*, "the acute shortage of energy that America is experiencing is nothing else but the result of chronic evils of capitalist economy." Well, you don't need Communist insistence on that point to realize that it's a lot of bullshevik. Shortages are caused by price ceilings and other governmental interventions—a decidedly noncapitalist mistake which the Soviets have institutionalized to the point of being about 95 million motor vehicles short of an energy crisis of their own.

■ Professor Hans Morgenthau and Father Daniel Berrigan agreed completely on Vietnam, but they certainly don't tango on the Middle East. So far as we can understand his position, Berrigan either wants Israel to evanesce or else thinks that her swords can safely be beaten into ploughshares. In a discussion printed in the March issue of the *Progressive*, Professor Morgenthau takes him on. Somewhere over the Pacific Ocean, flying eastward, the Morgenthau dove underwent a mysterious molting or mutating process, and by the time he reached the Middle East he was a formidable hawk: "Certainly Israel has the

## After Cincinnati

The water's at my elbows;
  The pumps are failing fast.
The captain bails, the rigging wails,
  And waves assault the mast.
The harbor lights are fading.
  The bilge is getting rank.
In such a sea, I hope that he
  Feels free to walk the plank.

W. H. VON DREELE



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# An Appeal

*Last week* NR *was sent from Europe the text of an Appeal issued by a distinguished group of Soviet scholars, scientists, and dissidents. This Appeal has been published and circulated in its original Russian, and is now appearing in the West European press. So far as we know it has appeared in this country only in the Russian language newspaper,* Novoye Russkoye Slovo. *We understand that in several countries public committees are in process of formation with the aim of publicizing the Appeal, soliciting signatures to it, and pressing for fulfillment of its four demands, and most particularly the demand for creation of an international civil tribunal to examine the facts about the Soviet police system that is the subject of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's* The Gulag Archipelago, *the appearance of which was the occasion of his exile.*

*We hope that such a committee, representative of all branches of nontotalitarian opinion, will soon be formed in this country. Meanwhile, if any of our readers wish to signify immediately their support of the Appeal, or to comment on it, they may address their communications to Miss Linda Bridges, at the* NR *office, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016, and we will forward these to the American committee if one is formed in the near future, otherwise to the European supporters of the Appeal with whom we are in correspondence.*

"Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has got what he wanted—the role of a traitor: every honest man will turn his back on him with anger and scorn."—These are the words that ended the official article, "The Path of Treason," published in *Pravda.* Nevertheless, everyone who has read Solzhenitsyn's book, which provoked such an angry reaction in the ruling Soviet circles, knows that his "treason" actually lies in the fact that the author, with unprecedented forcefulness, laid bare to the entire world the incredible crimes committed in the Soviet Union in the recent past. Tens of millions of innocent persons—Communists and non-Communists, atheists and believers, intellectuals, workers, and peasants—have been victims of the terror camouflaged behind the slogan, "Social Justice."

We demand:

1. Publication of *The Gulag Archipelago* in the Soviet Union, and its availability to every citizen.
2. Publication of all the archives and all the documents that can give the complete picture of the activity of the CHEKA, GPU, NKVD, and KGB.
3. Creation of an international civil tribunal to investigate the crimes that have been committed.
4. Protection of Solzhenitsyn from persecution, and authorization for him to return to his country if he so wishes.

We reject in advance any attempt to label this international action we are here taking, which consists of getting signatures to this Appeal, as "interference in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union," and we reject any such attempt all the more because the victims of the terror have included not only citizens of the Soviet Union but also hundreds of thousands of citizens of other countries.

All men throughout the world need to know the truth about the Soviet Union.

We address ourselves to all men to ask help in making this Appeal known through all means of communication. We also ask all cultural, social, and religious organizations to form national committees to get signatures to our Appeal.

ANDREI SAKHAROV
(nuclear physicist; member, Soviet Academy of Sciences; winner of Lenin and Stalin Prizes; founder, Committee for Human Rights)

YELENA BONNER
(pediatrician; wife of Andrei Sakharov; her mother spent 16 years in labor camps)

VLADIMIR MAKSIMOV
(former geologist; playwright and novelist; expelled from Writers' Union in 1973 for "anti-Soviet" and religious tendencies)

MIKHAIL AGURSKY
(cyberneticist; expelled from job for trying to emigrate)

BORIS SHRAGIN
(art historian; expelled from Party and from Institute of History of Art for deviations)

PAVEL LITVINOV
(grandson of Stalin's Foreign Minister, Maksim Litvinov; physics teacher; exiled to Siberia for protesting Czech invasion)

YURII ORLOV
(scientist; well known in Soviet Union, but not heretofore publicly associated with human rights movement)

O. SERGEI ZHELYUDKOV
(Russian Orthodox priest; author; active supporter of human rights movement since 1968)

ANATOLII MARCHENKO
(worker; imprisoned 1960-66 for trying to leave Soviet Union; in 1967 wrote *My Testimony*, a report on forced labor camps)



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same right as any other country, in this evil world of violence, to arm itself with those instruments of violence which it thinks necessary to defend itself. . . . And the Old Testament is full of victories over the Philistines and the Moabites and other people around. So, the idea that all of a sudden you can ask Israelis, of all people, to be the first to establish the kingdom of God without violence, is a counsel for suicide." The same counsel, that is, both Berrigan and Morgenthau have been giving the South Vietnamese for years.

■ As Anthony Lejeune points out ("Who Indeed Rules Britain?," p. 373), Harold Wilson's new government will have to be extremely cautious if it is to last longer than the average Italian government. To judge from the opening statements to Parliament, Mr. Wilson is going to be very cautious indeed. The main points of his program are renegotiating the terms of Britain's Common Market membership (not, as his position used to be, complete withdrawal), and stopping inflation. He has backed down from his campaign pledge to nationalize North Sea oil. His major parliamentary tactic will be not to regard all votes as votes of confidence: like "impeachable offense," "vote of confidence" can be pretty broadly construed, and in this case it is the Prime Minister who does the construing.

■ The West German government, presumably as part of its *Ostpolitik*, has issued a postage stamp commemorating Rosa Luxemburg, the Polish Communist who went to Germany in 1898 to join the Social Democratic Party. Eventually, not finding it sufficiently radical, she and Karl Liebknecht formed the Spartacus League with a program of the revolutionary overthrow of capitalist society. The German post office says that more people have refused to buy this stamp than any other stamp in living memory; but young far-leftist Germans seem to be using it as a painless way of making their political statement. Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party, incidentally, is directly descended from the Social Democratic Party to which Rosa Luxemburg initially belonged. Comrades Luxemburg and Liebknecht, however, were executed in 1919 by a government headed by that same Social Democratic Party for their revolutionary attempt to follow the Bolsheviks' example.

■ In one of his syndicated columns, our old friend and gadfly Garry Wills makes a great deal out of the town meeting vote in Thetford, Vermont asking for the impeachment of Richard Nixon. "Vermont is rock-hard Republican territory," according to the Baltimore pundit, which must be why it has a liberal Democratic governor, Thomas Salmon. "There are rumblings now," saith Garry. "Vermont has spoken." All those conservative Republican farmers, eh? Thetford does contain some actual Vermonters, but it is also a commuter town for Dartmouth College; it attracts assorted literati, ecofreaks, communers, and bohos. Driving into this conservative backwater, the first thing you see coming off the highway is a huge peace symbol painted on a house with the words "Impeach with Honor." The woman who had the impeachment question brought before the town meeting had lived in Thetford two years. The meeting dragged on until after midnight, at which hour all rock-hard Vermonters have gone to bed. When the vote was finally taken, impeachment managed to win by 160 to 130. So far as we know, Wills has never been within 75 miles of Thetford, Vermont.

■ Hotter even than boycott lettuce and Wounded Knee with the radical chic types today are Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the atomic bomb spies who died in the electric chair at Sing Sing 31 years ago. There have been two books written on them in the past couple of years, and two full length television documentaries in the past two months, one "The Trial and Execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg" even more inaccurate than the other, "The Unquiet Death of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg." The two Rosenberg sons have emerged from 30 years of obscurity to demand that their parents' names be cleared. A Smith College professor is demanding that the FBI release to him the documents in the case. The rationale behind the sudden resuscitation of interest in the Rosenbergs is a little hard to follow but it seems to be that if the things about the government that Watergate has revealed are true, then wasn't it possible, say the leftists, that 30 years ago when Watergate-chief-conspirator Richard Nixon was Richard Nixon, congressman on the make, with anti-Communism his own crusade, somehow the Federal Government could have been inveigled into engaging in a vast and secret plot to stir up anti-Communist juices through framing meek little Julius and mild little Ethel, and hounding them to undeserved death? To which the answer is, CBS and ABC, and Doubleday and Fawcett, and Watergate, notwithstanding, no.

■ In connection with the series of columns on terrorism, which James Burnham concludes in this issue, we call the attention of our readers to the fact that over the past year the staff of the House Committee on Internal Security has been conducting detailed studies of the spread of political terrorism. Some of its findings are included in *Theory and Practice of Communism*, Part 3. A special report on *Political Kidnappings 1968-73* was published last autumn, and a report on *The Symbionese Liberation Army* (the kidnappers of Patricia Hearst) has just been issued. These reports may be obtained by writing: The Hon. Richard H. Ichord, Chairman, Committee on Internal Security, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515.

■ Rosa Luxemburg. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. Alger Hiss. The Hollywod Ten. They've all been rehabilitated lately, and share with Mao Tse-tung a new respectability. Meanwhile, Hollywood and TV are making the point



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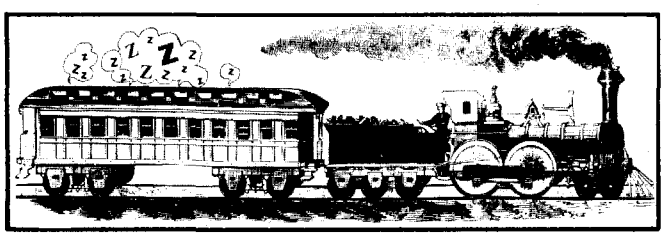
# There is no energy crisis at National Review.



Sleepy-eyed commuters, rattling along in the 7:23, clutching their coffee containers, are all too familiar with the legend embossed on the cups in greekish lettering: "it's a pleasure to serve you." It probably doesn't mean much drinking weak coffee in the daylight-savings darkness of early morning, but that hackneyed phrase can be of consequence to NR readers, because, in our case, it is true.

In these days of cutbacks, NR is providing the same quick service as before, still at the same price (and we're happy to deliver too!). Most important of all, the magazine is better than ever! If all the conflicting stories connected with our seemingly endless series of crises: be it Watergate, Energy, the Mideast, or the Economy, are getting to you, where else but National Review will you get the story straight? You can count on NR to bring you the facts and give you the meaning of the news, without the typical bias *that you'll find in the regular press.*

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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Senator Charles Percy may have made a serious but delayed-action blunder on *Face the Nation*. The Illinois Republican said that a "substantial" showing in his home state primary would be essential for his presidential bid. The reporters pressed him as to what he meant by "substantial" and Percy, learning nothing from Senator Muskie's 1972 mistakes, answered. He said he would be gravely disappointed if he did not get 55 or 60 per cent. This might be hard to do if there are (say) five candidates in the race there. In 1972 Muskie made the mistake of allowing reporters to extract from him the opinion that he had to do very well indeed in the New Hampshire primary, right next door to his home state of Maine. He won, but not by much, over George McGovern, and the victory was widely construed as a defeat.

■ First, Congress passed a law enabling taxpayers to earmark $1 of their tax bill to support the presidential campaigns. The public did not respond. Last year only 3.1 per cent of the taxpayers used it. So Congress blamed the lack of response on the fact that the checkoff provision was not smack in the middle of the 1040 form. So Congress got the Internal Revenue Service to put the provision there. But still the public was not as enthusiastic as Congress wanted it to be. So now Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Minority Leader Hugh Scott are demanding that the television networks and local stations broadcast advertisements—free, naturally, and during prime time, naturally—to plug the checkoff provision. Remember, now, there is a distinction between the "selling of the Pentagon" (boooo!) and the selling of the tax checkoff provision. Actually Watergate is the best advertising the provision could get. The Internal Revenue Service reports that taxpayers will earmark about $25 million this year for the 1976 campaign. Major party candidates will be eligible for 15 cents for each American of voting age—about $21 million.

■ It is clear that the defense budget is going to be cut, and some cuts may come in civilian personnel. Much has been made of the fact that personnel costs, military and civilian, are 56 per cent of the defense budget. But civilian personnel costs are 16 per cent of the total budget.

■ POLITICAL NOTES: In that special congressional election in Cincinnati the losing Republican candidate got 48 per cent of the vote. In the last three regular elections in that district the Republican candidate received an average of 68 per cent of the vote. Thus there was a 20 point swing. Half of that—a 10 point swing—nationwide in November would cost about 80 Republican seats. The swing in the Ohio district was larger than the swing in the Grand Rapids, Michigan election. . . . Two governors continue to sound as though they would like to change jobs. Dale Bumpers, Democratic governor of Arkansas, has announced he will challenge Senator William Fulbright in the Arkansas primary May 28. And the betting here is that Oregon's Republican Governor Tom McCall will take on Republican Senator Robert Packwood in the Oregon primary. If McCall makes the challenge, most of the Senator's organization will defect to the Governor. . . . If Republican Senator Richard Schweiker is so damned popular, why are all those heavyweight Democrats scrapping for the privilege of running against him? Pittsburgh's populist mayor Peter Flaherty announced he would seek the Democratic Senate nomination. Minutes—literally minutes—later Pennsylvania's Insurance Commissioner Herbert Denenberg, a flamboyant "consumer advocate," announced that he would be in the Democratic primary too.

■ George Wallace's men are hinting that Humphrey was the "important person" who offered Wallace the vice presidential nomination in exchange for Wallace's delegates at the 1972 convention, as part of a "stop McGovern" movement. If that is true, Humphrey has come a long way since the 1948 convention, when he led a successful drive to get the Democratic Party committed to an advanced position on civil rights. Humphrey's efforts at that convention provoked a walkout of Southern delegates, and a third party "Dixiecrat" campaign by Strom Thurmond, then Democratic governor of South Carolina. Today Thurmond is a Republican senator. And one of the Southern delegates to the 1948 convention—one who pleaded with the other Southerners not to walk out, to remain good party people—was George Wallace.

■ Is it the energy crisis, or disgust with the national government, or a bit of both? Tourism is down in Washington—down 23 per cent at the White House, 22 per cent at the Capitol, 46 per cent at Mount Vernon.

■ Now *that* is crust. The Associated Milk Producers, Inc. has disclosed that it made an "illegal"—its word—$100,000 contribution to Mr. Nixon's reelection campaign—and because it was illegal it wants its money back.

—CATO

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that Lee Harvey Oswald and Private Slovik were only victims, not agents, of evil. Where will it all end? Answer: somewhere this side of Joe McCarthy.

■ In 1960 songwriter Henry Tobias thought enough of the Republican presidential candidate to write "Fixing a Date with Nixon." In the intervening years lots has happened to Richard Nixon, but Henry Tobias is still a friend. His latest composition is "Hang in There, Mr. President" and it goes like this: "Hang in there, Mr. President,/ Fight! Fight! Fight!/ We are with you, Mr. President,/ With all our might./ You've got courage, so just reach 'em/ And Fight! Fight! Fight!/ Let them holler 'Let's impeach 'im!'/ They're wrong and you're right." So far the record company has gotten only 60 orders for the record and it needs about 500 to break even: "This could turn out to be what we call a black matzoh in the trade," says the head of the company. "That's when you can't sell them, so you have to eat them."

■ A New York Cadillac dealer advertises that "50 gallons of gas each month for three months following delivery" will be included with each car sold. Mickey Rooney's Pennsylvania resort offers a free fill-up to those who stay two nights. The Day's Inn motels are flourishing by supplying their guests with gas. Korvette's rent-a-car leads off with "Start with a Full Tank." But the real sharpies



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are those who buy either one of the many closed stations, thereby getting its allocation, or a rural estate with a gasoline tank and the special priority "farmers."

■ THE WAY WE LIVE NOW: Pope Paul recently expressed himself on the "new look" in Roman seminaries that has replaced the very strict discipline of the past. "There are students in our ecclesiastical colleges who now have keys to their residences because they are out late at night," he said wonderingly. "*Where* do they go at such an hour?"

# Ecrasez Symbionese Infâme

There is a place for dispassionate discussion of the Hearst kidnapping and of political terrorism in its manifold aspects, ideological, sociological, psychological, and so on (see "The Protracted Conflict"). It is very important that such analysis proceed.

But it is also time to say that the entire Hearst affair is a disgusting and degrading spectacle, and that just about the only notable person touched by the affair who has not been diminished by it has been Governor Reagan. He urged his fellow Californians not to abet the crime, urged them not to accept any of the "free" food. He might have taken the further step of pledging that the state of California would set aside whatever resources it took, and spend as much time as necessary, to make sure that "General Cinque," Nancy Ling Perry, and their associates are hunted down and made to pay in full measure for these outrages. The Governor might also have pledged that these people will be nailed to the mast if it takes 30 years.

With all due allowance made for his paternal feelings, Randolph Hearst has presented a pretty sorry spectacle, allowing himself to become a kind of marionette twitched hither and yon by each jerk of the terrorists' strings. His cooperation with the food demand, however understandable on personal grounds, has had the effect of conferring some legitimacy on the ragbag of radical groups designated to supervise it. He has negotiated with the terrorists as if they were a sovereign power, treating their semiliterate billingsgate with apparent respect. He has supported the SLA demand that the two men arrested as assassins of the Oakland school superintendent should be given national TV time for what would obviously be an SLA propaganda circus. He has appeared to grovel in public. At the very least, he might have gone into seclusion, communicating with the media, if at all, only through his lawyers. Even if the only options open to him were stylistic, he has not chosen well, and the encouragement of more kidnappings that was the predictable effect of his behavior is already at work.

It is a truism, nonetheless true, that you cannot ask any man to be a moral hero. Still, it is worth remembering that there have been such in the case of kidnapping and blackmail. In the summer of 1936, a Spanish National force under Colonel José Moscardó was surrounded in the Alcazar at Toledo. After repeated phone calls from the Madrid government had failed to persuade Moscardó to surrender, the militia chief in Toledo brought Moscardó's young son to the phone and threatened to have him shot within ten minutes if Moscardó did not give up the fortress. Moscardó said to his son: "Well then, my son, commend your soul to God, cry 'Long live Christ the king,' and die like a patriot."

The Israelis, it is worth noting, have long since learned that negotiation and concession where terrorists are concerned is suicidal folly. Terrorists, for their part, know what the price of an attempt within Israel is virtually certain to be.

It is fitting enough in the Hearst affair that the food handout proved to be a bizarre fiasco. Here is part of an eyewitness account from the left wing *Village Voice*: "About 200 people stood in line outside the Sacred Heart Church in the Fillmore district waiting for free food. . . . The only official on the scene was a sort of cigar store Indian, with red ribbons, beads, and silver jewelry in his graying braids, a straw cowboy hat, cowboy boots, and a three-quarter length black leather coat. He stalked the line with a clipboard, inspecting it through his drooping motorcycle-styled dark glasses. His skin, it must be added, was not the skin of an Indian. Around 10:15, the Reverend Cecil Williams, the locally well known pastor of the Glide Memorial Church, appeared to inspect the free food point. Williams has served as the go-between for the SLA and the Hearsts, and has had a surfeit of press coverage lately. This morning he was attired in a double-breasted London Fog raincoat, pre-faded blue-jean bellbottoms, and multicolored platform shoes. . . . There was a dramatic wait of a few moments. Williams emerged with a large woman who told the crowd in a hoarse, tired voice that most of the food had been given away early that morning around 5 A.M. Some of the food had been stolen when a delivery truck was 'ripped off' the night before. . . . Down on Grove Street, in the same general neighborhood, but closer to San Francisco's Tenderloin [the equivalent of Times Square], there was no line at all. A young man was spotted hustling back and forth across the wide street with boxes of groceries which he was depositing

## Further Signs of Decline

The quarter's sheathed; the dime goes "clunk."
The half-a-dollar's simply junk.
The silver ones have gone for good
As Thomas Gresham said they would;
And now the cent will soon succumb,
Transformed into aluminum.
Meanwhile, the knowing and the old
Review the past and turn to gold.

W. H. VON DREELE



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in the trunk of his car. It was a white Cadillac convertible." So goes the Symbionese revolution. *Ecrasez l'infâme.*

# Kissinger Furioso

While Richard Nixon becomes ever more enmeshed in his Watergate microcosm—the March 21 tape, the lost deed, the missing 18 minutes, when and whether he said it was wrong—the fact has almost escaped attention that things are not going so well in Henry Kissinger's global macrocosm either. Kissinger's own frantic activity and his sometimes frantic rhetoric is surely a measure of the strain.

*Item.* Addressing an audience of congressional wives, Kissinger ventilated his opinion that "there have been, very rarely, fully legitimate governments in any European country since World War I." This, though he thought that he was speaking off the record, was an astonishing faux pas. It no doubt reflects the wear and tear of his peripatetic schedule as well as his exasperation with the failure of European nations to toe the line on foreign policy, most particularly in the Middle East and with regard to oil. The notion that Chamberlain, Churchill, Eden, Macmillan, Wilson, Heath, Attlee, Adenauer, de Gaulle, Pompidou, and many others presided over semilegitimate governments has been received in Europe with surprise and outrage.

*Item.* Snags are developing in the diplomacy of detente. The suspicion grows in Congress that detente is more appearance than substance. Support for the Jackson amendment reflects such suspicion regarding the intentions of the Soviets, and the frantic pace of the current Soviet buildup is beginning to sink in. The more obvious questions are actually beginning to be asked: Why should we talk credits and trades with Moscow at the same time that Moscow is urging the continuation of the oil boycott? When is Moscow going to begin conciliating us?

*Item.* To the extent that anything can actually be discerned about Chinese politics, it looks as if the current turmoil is part of a left wing factional rebellion, perhaps led by Mao's wife, Chiang Ching, against the Chou-Kissinger diplomacy. Since one year ago, it has been noted, Peking's rhetoric regarding Taiwan has hardened considerably. China could go off the reservation completely.

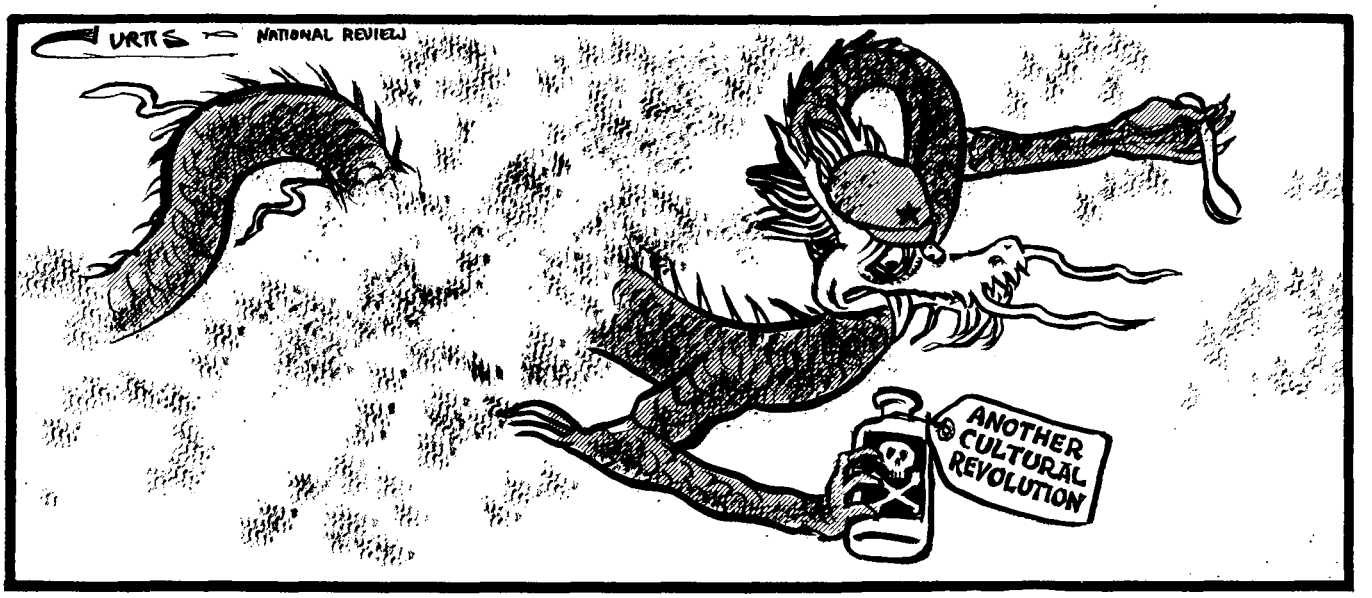
*Item.* Kissinger also appears to be embroiled in a complex bureaucratic struggle involving the Department of Defense and Secretary James Schlesinger over the direction of U.S. nuclear policy and the future of deterrence.

It is a larger stage, to be sure, than the theater-in-the-round of Judge Sirica's courtroom, but the general impression remains the same: that there are too many contradictions, that it is barely in control, at least, and that it cannot go on much longer.

# Problem for Democrats?

Most political observers have their eyes trained on the shellshocked Republicans, but in the March *Atlantic Monthly* Washington columnist David Broder examines the Democrats and their prospects for '76, and discovers that they, too, have their troubles. Ted Kennedy is a matchless campaigner, has money, and can have the '76 nomination; but he also has personal and family problems. Yet the nomination remains his—if he wants it. If not, that leaves the not quite so scintillating Jackson, Muskie, McGovern, Humphrey, Mondale, Lloyd Bentsen, and Birch Bayh. But the Dems have one more contender: George Corley Wallace.

Wallace is a great campaigner, has many loyal and giving supporters—and wins races. What's more the McGovernite-inspired reforms benefit him more than any of the other contenders. There are no more winner-




**Peking Roulette**



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take-all primaries; candidates receive delegates in proportion to the number of votes they win in each primary. Thus a candidate can't afford to bypass small states to concentrate on winning the huge California delegation, because he won't get all the California delegates anyway and his competition will be piling up delegates from the states he bypassed. The situation perfectly suits Wallace and his splendidly organized campaign apparatus. Says Broder: "In a six-man field of five middle-roaders and Wallace, he might win every primary in the country—including the District of Columbia."

## The New Antisemitism

In case you hadn't noticed it, a new wave of antisemitism is sweeping the U.S. At least that's the way it looks to the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which describes itself as a "human rights" agency. American Jews are becoming "increasingly concerned" about this development, asserted Benjamin Epstein, ADL national director, and Arnold Forster, associate director and counsel, at a news conference recently.

And no wonder you had not noticed this new antisemitism. It is an extremely subtle thing because even the new antisemites don't *realize* that they are antisemites. According to Forster and Epstein, the "major difference between antisemitism today and the traditional kind is that the new antisemitism is not necessarily deliberate in character and is more often expressed by respected individuals and institutions here and abroad—people who would be shocked to think themselves or have others think them antisemites." Even their best friends won't tell them, you gather. Well, who are these people and institutions who have shown "hostility and insensitivity to Jews and Jewish concerns"? Let's go down to the beer hall and meet the "new antisemites."

They turn out to be columnists Evans and Novak, Senator J. William Fulbright, Dean Francis B. Sayre of Washington's National Cathedral, The American Friends Service Committee, Father Dan Berrigan, and, would you believe, the *Christian Science Monitor*. What these very disparate individuals and groups have in common is that they (with the exception of the murky Berrigan) have occasionally had *political* criticisms to make of some aspects of Israeli or U.S. policy in the Middle East. For that the Anti-Defamation League has concocted the category of neo-antisemitism, thus reacting to political difference of opinion with . . . defamation.

## Back to Barter

The combination of price controls and inflationary money-creation typically leads first to evasions, then to shortages, and finally to a flight from money and a return to barter. Swapping goods and services sounds harmless enough (except to the confused tax collectors), but the resulting "earnings" can be used only in a few ways, and only at some specific time. Money, on the other hand, should serve as a device for storing purchasing power in a form that is accepted as payment for any commodity or service. To the degree that money ceases to perform this function, trading becomes so clumsy that efficient specialization is discouraged. The proliferation of backyard vegetable gardens is an obvious example.

A few instances of industrial barter are beginning to emerge. Dow Chemical ships ethylene to other chemical processors in return for a share of the processed polyethylene. This swap avoids the pinch of price controls and Energy Office allocations. Monogram Industries buys steel pipe solely for the purpose of trading it for phenol. Among households, there are already fruit and vegetable exchanges, secretarial exchanges, baby-sitting pools, and the like. *Family Circle* is advising housewives to get together with friends and neighbors to "bring back the barter system in an organized way."

After five years of price controls and rampant money-creation, another publication suggested that readers pay in butter, cheese, or Indian corn. That was the *Massachusetts Spy*, on July 29, 1779.

## Michel Jobert, His Soliloquy

I do not like Americans. I think
We made a *faux pas* sending Lafayette;
But that's when England teetered on the brink,
And who can stand the English? Etiquette
Demands a formal bow among The Nine;
*Alors*, I smile at Germans, whom I *hate*.
We should have taken title to the Rhine.
(France feels frustration yearning to be great.)
King Faisal understands a Frenchman's needs;
We each massaged the other for an hour.
He senses who's in train and who precedes,
But when he kissed my hand he seemed to sour.
Dear God in heaven, drop a chicken bone
In Henry's soup, so I can lead alone.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Up the Down Escalator

A fourth of all union members, and all Social Security recipients, have escalator clauses, which adjust pay to changes in the cost of living. "The trouble with such cushions," says the *New York Times*, "is that they quickly become engines of inflation in their own right." "There is no question," adds *Newsweek*, "that escalators have an inflationary impact on the economy." These statements mean that wages should not catch up with accomplished increases in prices—i.e., that real wages should fall, and that there should be a shift of income from



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labor to capital. One may doubt that this is what these editors intended, but it is an unavoidable inference.

Fortunately, there is considerable room for questioning the inflationary impact of escalators. In the absence of an escalator clause, workers make an exaggerated guess about the future inflation rate and add it to the figure that they will accept without striking or quitting. The actual choice is not between a 4 per cent raise with and a 4 per cent raise without an escalator clause, but between a 4 per cent raise with an escalator and, say, a 15 per cent raise. Since the combination of the escalator and 4 per cent will fall as the rate of inflation falls, the escalator is much more adaptable to decelerating inflation than is a three-year settlement based on past experience.

In Brazil, the escalator (called a "monetary correction") is applied to all wages, tax brackets, business depreciation, pensions, savings account interest, etc. The inflation rate in Brazil has been reduced from over 100 per cent in 1964 to about 15 per cent now. Brazilian economists claim the country could not have had a 10 per cent annual increase in real output since 1967 while cutting the inflation rate in half, had it not been for the "monetary correction." By adjusting the currency unit to the price level, Brazil has avoided many of the distortions, inequities, and uncertainties connected with both inflation and its cure. As any child can tell you, escalators go up and down.

## The Streaker: Faster than the...

"This is an attack on dominant social values," pronounced Stanford psychology professor Phillip Zimbardo, apropos of the streaking fad. Well, humbug. The quick run in the nude is essentially a form of wit, the constituent parts of which are surprise and circumstance. Streaking is not mere nudity. The classic streaker moves fast, fffffft, like the two who zoomed in the front door and out the back of a St. Louis police station. Or the single Lindbergh-like streaker who flashed across the basketball court between the halves of a big game in Florida.

The clothier in one college town now features Streaker Outfits in his window display: sneakers, necktie, and mask. Students at one university are reported to be planning an impeachment streak-around-the-White-House.

Of course there are variations. At Stanford, a student was entertaining a coed when he answered a knock at his door and found seven nude males, each carrying a golf bag. "May we play through?" he was asked.

The spirit of the thing is entirely different from the defiant nudity and even public sexual intercourse seen in places like Berkeley during the later 1960s. That *was* political and nihilistic in motive, the participants going all out for Ho and Mao. The streaker, in contrast, is a humorist, a reliever of tensions. When you see photographs of streakers, the spectators almost invariably are laughing. With *The Great Gatsby* due to open in a week or so, the streakers remind one of Scott and Zelda jumping in the fountain outside the Plaza Hotel.

Nixon may be impeached, England may sink beneath the waves or be conquered once again by the Normans, the Democrats may run Teddy, and Mailer is writing another book—but almost anything can be borne if people start laughing again.

## Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Re your column ["There is no other explanation for the smile on the face of St. Stephen as the archers bent their bows . . ."], unless I am mistaken, it was St. Sebastian, not St. Stephen who took the arrows. (Garry Wills notwithstanding, there are advantages to a parochial school education.) According to the *Lives of the Saints* (many of the best of whom were purged by the liberals in the wake of Vatican II), St. Stephen was a young Christian who was dragged outside the gates of the city and stoned to death by a rock-throwing mob, egged on by Brother Saul who handled the coats and was a nonindicted co-conspirator in the whole affair. According to tradition, St. Stephen did not have an "orgasmic" "smile" on his face, when the paving stones started flying, rather he was "hunkered down like a mule in a hail storm," which is a posture that increasingly commends itself to White House staff members. And between the leave-taking of St. Stephen, and the final solution of the impeachment question, methinks Mr. Jaworski and the Watergate Special Prosecution Force envision similarities.

Warm personal regards, Sincerely,
Patrick J. Buchanan
The White House

■ To the Editor
*The Herald Tribune*
Paris
Dear Sir:

I was dismayed to read my own column (on Enoch Powell) in your estimable paper (on Feb. 16), wherein appeared as the closing sentences, "Mr. Levin . . . is in fact talking about those who *will die for* the fortunes of the mother of parliaments; and he is not really surprised, any more than the child *he prizes*. But Britain's fate is very likely America's fate. If democracy is finally *to produce impeachment*, why should it prosper elsewhere?" I called New York, and by God that's the way it went out from there, to 350 newspapers. Two weeks ago I wrote about the "stupefying, awe-inspiring" work of



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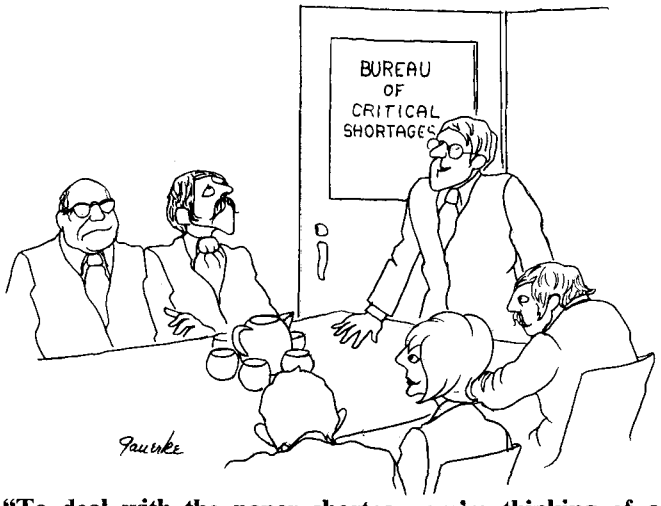


**"To deal with the paper shortage, we're thinking of a revolutionary approach: putting the country on the gold standard."**

Solzhenitsyn, and saw it in print as the "stupefying, or inspiring" even in my beloved NATIONAL REVIEW. The problem is the homonymous hazard of copy dictated over the telephone. "He prizes" stands for *surprises*. "To produce impeachment" for *traduced in England*. And "will die for," *will guide* (I do not know who contributed the preposition *for*). They say that there are computers being worked on which will cope with the problem of words that sound the same but are written differently. Pending this, I promise to institute something like a fail-safe system in my New York office, pending which I beg you not to think your humble servant far gone in intoxication, or incoherence. Yours faithfully,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
Rougemont, Vaud, Switzerland

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Steuben knows about Elmer's Glue, but avoids it like poison. It is great stuff for bonding nontransparent things but is messy when used on clear crystal. There are other better adhesives we know of, and on occasion use, but none in our opinion could satisfactorily do the job your request entailed.

With kind regards, I am, Sincerely yours,

James A. Thurston
Steuben Glass

Dear Bill:

". . . which is all one would need *to* cause *to* adhere the little insignia on*to* the glass" (WFB, *NR*, February 15).

Bill, Bill, *what* a sentence! To die, to sleep; To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub.

For who would bear the scorn of Mrs. D.
When all one needs to cause to *make* adhere
The golden S, a stellar emblem bright,
Upon the handsome pieces, sculpt in glass,
Is but a tiny dab of Elmer's Glue—
Secreted by the noble Borden bull,
That sire who makes the milk of Elsie flow
In yearly freshening! A happy thought:
That Elmer should cement the plighted troth
Of blissful Starr and his most radiant bride!
The Chairman of the Board hath so decreed!
But James A. Thurston, spouting platitudes,
Circumlocuting and bewildering,
Did bring your plans to naught. Alas, poor Bill!
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

With best regards,
Thomas H. Jukes
Berkeley, Calif.

Buckley decrees in NATIONAL REVIEW
All that is needed is Elmer's Glue
To apply insignia to Steuben Glass
As is surely known by any ass.
Before proceeding, kindly note
His propeller also comes off his boat.

John Evritt
Speedway, Ind.

■ Dear Bill:

Here's an amusing letter I thought you might like to answer personally.

I didn't realize Nixon had kept those leftover JFK and LBJ fructs in the White House, but what can you expect from a guy who looks like a usucar salesman?

Yours,
William Attwood
Publisher, *Newsday*

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Now really what the hell kind of word is this to use in a column directed to the average person with the average vocabulary. ["He likes being President. He likes the power, the usufructs of the Presidency . . ." *NR*, March 1.] It annoys me to run across any such ludicrous words that I'm supposed to leave my easy chair and dig out the old Funk—to find out what you are about. I realize you know what it means and probably a couple of other people on this planet like the professors of English at Oxford and a fop like Truman Capote. But I'll tell you this, to the average American "usufructs" sounds like some Italian guy telling another guy what kind of loving he enjoys. Really what a stupid word usage—sometimes you are just too much. Regards anyway.

Robert Moran
53 Tardy Lane
Wantagh, New York

Dear Mr. Moran:

What then would you do to the nursery rhyme,
Could eternal life afford
That tyranny should thus deduct
From this fair land
. . . A year of the sweet usufruct? **—WFB**



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# In Like A Lion

METEOROLOGICALLY March came in to Washington like a lamb. As a result all of the crocuses got terribly confused and started bursting through the soggy warm ground. Politically March came in to Washington like a lion. On March 1 a grand jury indicted seven of Mr. Nixon's former aides for involvement in a criminal conspiracy to obstruct justice—the Watergate coverup. While the ink was still drying on those indictments, another barrel of ink was trucked in for six more indictments stemming from the White House sponsored and financed and coordinated burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. If this is what spring is going to be like, it will make us regret the passing of winter.

Throughout the Watergate investigations there has been a disastrous pattern to Mr. Nixon's behavior. At every point where there has been the possibility of a confrontation with some person or institution the confrontation has occurred. At each point Mr. Nixon's initial defiance has made everyone so suspicious and angry that his eventual retreat has seemed like weakness. The case of the tapes is a perfect example of this. Last July, just a few days after the existence of the White House taping system became public knowledge, Mr. Nixon, in a letter to Senator Sam Ervin, rather grandly announced that no tape would ever be surrendered by the White House. You remember how it was back then: the White House argued that to surrender a tape would destroy "the Presidency" as a "functioning institution." Three months and one Saturday Night Massacre later the White House began surrendering tapes.

And now Mr. Nixon is at it again, on collision course, this time with the House Judiciary Committee and, probably before long, with the House itself. He says three things. First, he says that Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski has received everything he has asked for in the way of White House tapes and documents. Second, he says the Judiciary Committee can have everything Mr. Jaworski has received. Third, he says that evidence is enough for the Judiciary Committee. The first statement does not stand up: weeks ago Mr. Jaworski formally notified the House Judiciary Committee that, contrary to repeated White House assurances, he has not been able to get all that he has sought from the White House. Mr. Nixon's second statement is gratuitous and, because of the third statement, it is inflammatory. It is gratuitous because the White House does not control the flow of evidence around this city. It is inflammatory because of all that Mr. Nixon's third statement implies.

Mr. Nixon says that the Judiciary Committee must make do with the evidence Mr. Jaworski received because a President can be impeached only for deeds that are indictable under the criminal law, and that *he* can be impeached only for an indictable crime involving the Watergate coverup. As he has been doing since the coverup began unraveling, exactly one year ago, Mr. Nixon is claiming very special rights as the subject of a criminal investigation and as a potential defendant in a trial. He is claiming that he can limit the kind of evidence that can be used against him. And now he is claiming that, by stipulating what is an impeachable offense, he can stipulate the kind of charge that he will permit to be made against him.

PERHAPS, as he says, the doctrine of the separation of powers not only permits but requires him to do this. Perhaps duty really does join with self-interest to compel him to contest, in the name of the sovereignty of the executive branch, the right of the legislative branch to decide the kind of deeds for which a President can be impeached. But his motives are academic, for two reasons. First, the branches may be equal and equally sovereign in theory, but in practice, today, regarding impeachment, the legislative branch is at the wheel. The House Judiciary Committee is going to subpoena additional tapes and documents, beyond those Mr. Jaworski sought. If Mr. Nixon defies such subpoenas, the House can and probably will formally hold him in contempt.

"So what?" scoffs one of Mr. Nixon's best and most clearheaded lawyers. "What can the House do—sit there and stare at him, contemptuously?" Mind you, this is one of the clearheaded White House aides speaking. But, then, perhaps the aide is right, in that the contempt of Congress would be superfluous. It would be an added incentive for the moderate middle of the House to vote to send Mr. Nixon to trial in the Senate. Similarly, the debate about what constitutes an impeachable offense may be superfluous. The Judiciary Committee's staff report says a President can be impeached for gross abuses of power that are not indictable under the criminal law. Mr. Nixon argues that a President can be impeached only for an indictable crime. But close students of Watergate believe that the narrow White House definition of an impeachable offense will be broad enough to encompass some of Mr. Nixon's deeds. This belief seems more reasonable the more Mr. Nixon talks about what he knew and when he knew it. For example, in his written statement of August 15, 1973 Mr. Nixon said the following about the March 21, 1973 meeting with John Dean and others:

> I was told then that funds had been raised for payments to the defendants with the knowledge and approval of persons both on the White House staff and at the reelection committee. But I was only told that the money had been used for attorneys' fees and family support, not that it had been paid to procure silence from the recipients.

But in his most recent press conference he said this about the March 21 meeting:

> And for the first time on March 21 he [Mr. Dean] told me that payments had been made to defendants for the purpose of keeping them quiet, not simply for their defense.

Apprised on March 21, 1973 of the fact that his employees had been committing crimes with "hush money," did Mr. Nixon call the cops? No, he and Mr. Dean and others sat around and "examined all the options." □



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JAMES BURNHAM

# Antiterror Problems

## The Protracted Conflict

I CONTINUE and conclude this trio of comments on the spreading terror epidemic.

In trying to devise effective antiterror tactics, there are two basic and perhaps insuperable difficulties: first, the fact that many people and many governments are not really against *all* terrorist actions; and second, the fact that successful antiterrorism may turn out to be worse than the terrorism to which it responds—the cure worse than the disease, in which case, as physicians put it, the lesion does not justify the therapy.

It is notorious that the only category of terrorism that UN members have shown a common wish to suppress is action against diplomats.

Aircraft hijacking could be easily and quickly ended if there were universal agreement never to grant the hijackers' demands and always to arrest and shoot or imprison them the moment they landed anywhere. But there is no such agreement. Both humanitarian sentiment (against risking the lives of these hostages now, without regard for the consequences to future hostages) and conflicting political interests intervene. Moreover, a terrorist to the Israelis may be a hero to the Libyans, and vice versa. A government does not object to its own terrorist activities. Probably few of the members of its constituent churches realize that the World Council of Churches supports organizations that operate primarily through terrorism.

If there were a universal rule against granting kidnappers' demands, and if a few test cases proved that the rule held firm, then there would be no more kidnappings, except possibly for the occasional act of a madman. Kidnapping would no longer make sense. The collective interest of society would be served by a universal invariant rule of this sort, but it runs counter to the interests and feelings of the individuals immediately concerned—the kidnappee, his family and friends, sometimes his employer or his government. Naturally the kidnapping of business executives in Argentina and of members of wealthy families in Italy continues briskly: the corporations and the families pay up promptly, and in escalating sums. Nor is the handling by authorities and family of the Hearst kidnapping a persuasive deterrent to further kidnapping.

### *Inside and Outside*

Viewed from a domestic perspective only, terrorist action within the U.S. probably does not justify any special antiterror programs. It can be plausibly argued that the expense, bother, and invasion of rights caused by the one such program we have in force—the airport screening—is one of those cures worse than the disease. How much is it worth to be protected against a one out of 20 million chance—especially if the protection is far from a certainty? On the present scale, even taking into account the Hearst-inspired spate, what is needed to deal with nonpolitical kidnappings is probably no more than improved normal police performance plus more sensible juridical procedure. On the latter point, prompt, assured incarceration would probably be more of a deterrent than the return of a capital punishment that never gets carried out.

But a merely domestic perspective is inadequate. It is political terrorism that is conspicuously on the global increase, and, as I have pointed out, the international links among political terrorist groups are increasing rapidly in both extent and strength. Political terrorist groups in this country are not exceptions to this trend. Moreover, U.S. citizens and U.S. political, military, and commercial interests are affected by the spread of terrorist activities outside U.S. boundaries.

The central dilemma of antiterror strategy rests on this: when political terrorist activity is on a serious scale, effective antiterror action requires methods normally considered incompatible with democratic principles and civil rights, and—if the terrorism is both serious and long continued—apparently also requires a certain amount of counterterror. A contemporary antiterror strategy that did not include many sorts of undercover surveillance, infiltration, enemy and potential-enemy lists, secret search and seizure, etc. would be ludicrous. I do not know of any historical example of a situation in which continued large scale terrorist activity has been confined to one side only. In the past generation, this has been true in Algeria as in Northern Ireland, in Vietnam as in South Africa, in Nazi-occupied France as in Indonesia, in Palestine as in Greece.

The dilemma may then be formulated as: either the antiterror strategy is itself terrorist (at the least, undemocratic in some measure), or it is ineffective.

Sensible people understand that a constitutional republic must occasionally resort to undemocratic and normally illegal means to meet an emergency, and that it does not necessarily become thereby a tyranny or a police state. But sensible people also realize that the use of normally illegal undercover and terrorist methods is always a danger to the integrity of the republic, and a fatal danger when the methods become routine and pervasive.

### *No Exit*

There is no exit from this dilemma. This means that if political terrorism is going to continue on its current or a still larger scale, as seems likely, and if we do not intend to be passive victims, then we will have to confront the dilemma, and try, as *NR* suggested editorially in its last issue, to develop a doctrine that will take into account both perils. There is no point in an antiterror strategy that is ineffective, but for those of us who still believe in constitutional government there is no point in a strategy that subverts the republic.

The history of the past generation confirms that no antiterror doctrine satisfactory on both counts yet exists. Antiterror operations of course continue, by several agencies of our government as by agencies of most other governments, but there is no indication that they are guided by a sufficient doctrine. The operations themselves must be in considerable part hidden, but there is every reason why the discussion of the doctrine and the main lines of the strategy flowing from it should be open and vigorous. It is both liberty and life that are simultaneously at stake. □



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RELIGION

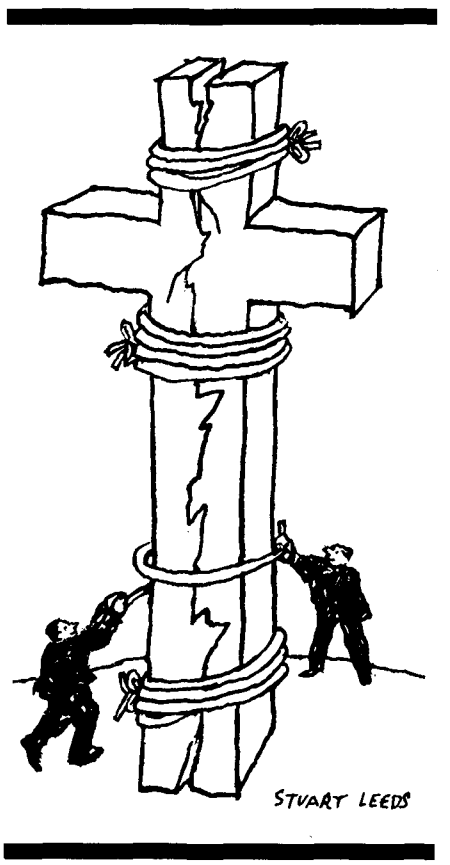
# Getting Back to Vatican II

*Mr. Herberg hails Vatican II for ending the 400-year cold war between Protestants and Catholics. But he mistrusts aggiornamento and believes the Church should take its stand against the Zeitgeist*

WILL HERBERG

THE WHOLE Western world somehow seems to stand under the shadow of the Second Council of Vatican City, which completed its sessions in 1965, almost ten years ago. And, if the Western world, so too the world beyond the West that is today forever striving to establish its own independence and identity against the West. When I say that the whole Western world stands under the shadow of Vatican II, I am not thinking simply of the professed Roman Catholics, however numerous, for whom the Council may be presumed to have been speaking. The impact of the Council, almost a decade after its sessions came to a close, is still constantly felt as somehow defining the context of reference of the moral, cultural, and frequently even the political ventures of the Western world, whether Catholic, anti-Catholic, or perhaps merely indifferent, if that is really possible. The impact has been very largely a deeply spiritual influence, and recognizably so; but it seems pretty obviously to go much beyond that. In a way unknown since Trent, some 400 years ago, Vatican II seems to have cast its shadow over the world; only today it is the whole world, because today the whole world, however internally divided and engrossed in incessant conflict, at last possesses the kind of unity that is plainly relevant to our inquiry.

It is, indeed, difficult to find words sufficiently impressive to convey one's sense of the weight and importance of the Second Vatican Council in the ongoing life of the West. To those of us who are accustomed to make judgments in depth, this Council may well appear as one of the most important events of the century. For the Second Vatican Council would seem to be best understood, at least in one of its major aspects, if seen as the historical counterpart, in reverse, of the Council of Trent some 400 years ago. Just over 400 years ago, from 1545 to 1563, the Roman Catholic Church met in ecumenical council at Trent to gird itself for the struggle against the Protestant schism that had only recently raised its head, but had already given evidence of having entrenched itself in parts of northern Europe, with strong promise—or threat—of expansion. The division of Europe was, of course, understood in religious terms, but it was—and, though vaguely, was already seen by some even then—a deep-going, and perhaps lasting, schism in social, cultural, and political life that could not be fully grasped if seen exclusively in the primary religio-confessional terms in which it first made itself felt. Uncompromising war against the Protestant schism was the dominant theme at Trent, and largely determined the dogmatic problems and definitions brought forward, but the division and hostility engendered swept far beyond; it permeated, or at least touched, virtually every aspect of the life and culture of the Europe of the time. Trent was the Council of the Catholic Reformation; but, even more obviously, it was the Council of the Counter-Reformation.




The civil war in Christendom raged furiously for a while; and then it died down to a flicker. But no decision had been achieved; it was stalemate. The Western world, now including the Americas, seemed permanently divided into two irreconcilable camps. The cold war in the West was on.

For it was, indeed, a cold war that the Council of Trent, and its counterpart in Protestantism, proclaimed and ushered in, cold war with all the misunderstanding, misrepresentation, confusion, bitterness, and nagging that cold war so often brings in its train. For 400 years, the religio-cultural cold war continued, mitigated only incidentally by whatever indifference the emergence of a religio-cultural secularism as a "third force" brought with it.

IF THE Council of Trent that ended in 1563 marked the launching of the cold war in Western Christendom, the Second Vatican Council, which terminated its sessions in 1965, almost exactly four centuries later, has officially marked its



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end and conclusion. The movement toward religio-cultural rapprochement and reconciliation actually began somewhat earlier, of course; Vatican II did not spring out of nothing. It was in the hellfire of totalitarian Europe that Protestants and Catholics, and those only tenuously connected with either, including the great masses of people in the totalitarian countries themselves, rediscovered their common faith, and began to feel once more a growing socio-cultural rapprochement instead of the alienation and hostility that had characterized the earlier centuries. To these tentative beginnings the Vatican Council gave solid substance and magisterial approval. The Decree on Ecumenicity of the Council is undoubtedly one of the great evangelical documents of the Church; it is also one of the great historical documents of the twentieth century; it reflects the new mood, the new propensity toward religio-cultural rapprochement and reconciliation that had become manifest on both sides of the century-long conflict. In line with this new orientation, Protestant-Catholic conferences and meetings on every level of authority and formality multiplied, involving some element of controversy, of course, but always animated with an urge, sometimes quite articulate, toward religio-cultural reunification. In the very year that Vatican II was reaching its conclusion—in 1965, in fact, if I recall correctly—conferences of Lutheran and Catholic theologians were taking place in Baltimore, discussing "good relations" and "civic cooperation" and the fundamental problems of the Christian faith. That was in 1965; 20 or 25 years earlier, such discussions, in this country or abroad, would have seemed virtually beyond the dream of possibility. So quickly do times change, and we change with them.

I do not see any likelihood of a reunification of the Catholic Church with the so-called "separated brethren" in the near future; the cultural rapprochement seems much further advanced than the specifically religious. But it should be recognized that the great shift of orientation has already taken place: the 400-year cold war is over. Protestants and Catholics are talking with each other; actually talking with each other, not merely hurling abuse *at* each other. And the spirit that animates them is clear enough: it is the spirit of religio-cultural rapprochement that is rapidly replacing, that has already virtually replaced, the four centuries of bitterness, division, and hostility that came with the sixteenth century and was so strongly reflected in the Council of Trent.

LET me stress again the main point I am trying to make, and state it as plainly as possible. The Vatican Council gave solid substance and magisterial approval to the movement of rapprochement, religious, social, and cultural, among the divided forces of Christendom, which had emerged divided out of the Reformation, which had nourished their hostilities in the four centuries following, but which had somehow begun to experience a new urge toward unity in the 1940s and 1950s, four centuries after Trent, perhaps largely under the shattering experience of Communist and Nazi totalitarianism. This must not be overlooked: it certainly cannot be denied. But so ambiguous, so perverse even, are human affairs that out of this grandiose religio-cultural achievement of the Vatican Council has somehow come a superstructural elaboration that embodies the worst excesses of modernism and threatens to convert even the great historical achievement of the Council into a gross and forbidding caricature. And the gross and mischievous caricature, elaborated under the alleged protection of Vatican II and justified in its name, is strikingly expressed in that notorious slogan, *aggiornamento*.

What do I find so wrong, so mischievous, so corrupting, in the idea of *aggiornamento*, up-dating, bringing up to date, as it is called? In the first place, *aggiornamento* has been taken to mean that, now at last, after untold centuries of confusion, the Church is to be given a thorough house cleaning and made to discard its "outworn" and "old-fashioned" accumulation of possessions—"outworn" ideas, "outworn" institutions, "outworn" practices, "outworn" this and "outworn" that, even "outworn" beliefs! (It would not be out of place here to mention in this connection Hans Küng, a younger Continental Catholic theologian, and his work, *Freedom Today*, coming toward the close of Vatican II.) Naturally, every one of the modernists has his own notion of what is "outworn" and ought to be discarded; and so *aggiornamento*, aggressively advanced under the alleged patronage of Vatican II, has, in fact, become the signal for an open season on the Church and on the religio-cultural reality it represents. Even the most cursory reading of the *aggiornamento* Catholic press in this country and abroad in the past decade will reveal the scandalous lengths to which these *frondeurs* have permitted themselves to go. A book is published under the title *Honesty in the Church*; with all reservations and qualifications, what can this title, and the attitude it reflects, mean except that only now, only in the blessed age of *aggiornamento*, can honesty raise its voice in the Church? There seems to be not the slightest understanding, not the faintest recognition, of the fact that there are definite historic variations in what is religio-culturally "honest" and what is "dishonest" through the centuries. It was quite "honest"—that is, it was a genuine reflection of their religio-cultural responsibility—for Protestants and Catholics to adopt their mutually uncompromising attitudes in the four centuries from Trent to Vatican II. Vatican II, for good and sufficient reasons, signalized the end of this period; but it did not see itself as having brought the Church and the culture out of any subliminal darkness of dishonesty into the clear light of honesty and *aggiornamento*. In proclaiming its great message of reconciliation in ecumenicity, Vatican II did not find it necessary to condemn Trent—and, indeed, it did *not* condemn Trent—for having spoken with another tongue, faced in a different direction, and said other things, four centuries before.

THE Church today, at Vatican II, recognized the proper termination of the four centuries of religio-cultural warfare and the emergence of a new age of religio-cultural rapprochement and reconciliation. But Vatican II did not forget or overlook its primary responsibility: to stand firm, to stand resolute and unchanging, for the eternal truth about God, man, and the world over against the endlessly shifting panorama of intellectual fashion and social interest. Over against? Yes, over against! It is for the Church, if it truly understands itself, while receiving truth from whatever source it may come, to take its stand against the *Zeitgeist*, the "spirit of the age," where that makes inordinate

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*Mr. Herberg is professor of philosophy at Drew University.*



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claims to ultimacy; and to proclaim the true ultimacy of the truly ultimate. The Church, through the ages, has shown that it can recognize the shifting historico-cultural situation and adopt appropriate attitudes toward it. A closer examination of the changing attitude of the Church to European feudalism in the earlier period as against the later phases (including a closer examination of the great Hildebrand [Pope Gregory VII]) would be revealing; of the changing attitude to nationalism in the four Tridentine centuries (a sober examination of the *Syllabus of Errors*, 1864, and of the First Vatican Council, 1869-1870, would prove especially instructive here); and now, of the new period of rapprochement and reconciliation, first emerging toward the end of the first quarter of the present century, and signalized in Vatican II. In every case, there were *frondeurs*, who, claiming the authority of the Church, with what sincerity one will perhaps never know, attempted to drive the Church and the culture for which it spoke to an advanced *aggiornamento* position that was already showing how destructive it could be. That is what is happening today; and, humanly speaking, it looks as though *aggiornamento* were managing to make considerable headway, among some quite high in the Church, among many good Catholics, and even among great numbers of well-meaning people outside the Church. Humanly speaking, again, the Church in this country, and in France, and in much of Germany, Austria, and Italy as well, is not in a very good state. All the evidence we have, and it is considerable, joins in pointing to the fact that, in this country, the Church is very far from holding its own; it is definitely falling behind in relation to the stabilized, even growing Protestant churches, falling behind not through any noticeable overt rebellion of a defecting membership, but through a slow and steady drain into passivity and indifference. Where they can be aroused to some form of justificatory expression, those who lapse generally fall into threadbare phrases of *aggiornamento*: "It is the trend of the times"; "We are trying to live in the spirit of the age"; "We must always play down our differences." All these, and many more, I have heard repeatedly; and they are as significant as they are disturbing.

Perhaps the most shocking manifestations of the disintegration of the Catholic faith, and of the religio-cultural *Gestalt* it represents, is to be found on the campuses of the so-called Catholic colleges and universities of this country. I could easily name names, and provide plenty of shocking illustrations. But this is not here my purpose. I will merely report what is so obvious that it has broken through into the press with increasing frequency: the old social and intellectual coherences are rapidly breaking down with many of the younger generation, and the Catholic academic institutions seem to be eagerly catering to this dissolutive trend—all in the name of *aggiornamento*, of being up to date. Where and how it will end I do not know and cannot tell. Even what appear to be the most vigorous tendencies today do not necessarily have to go to their final conclusion: somehow, something happens, and the tide is turned, the trend is diverted or reversed. We become accustomed to the new line, as so many are becoming accustomed to the dissolutive trends of today; and either lose interest in whence and why these trends come, or else devise languid and rather superficial "explanations." Nothing much is changed.

**"Aw, c'mon, fella!"**

BUT I should be grieved if these remarks characterizing short range trends in American and much of Continental Catholicism were taken to mark the evisceration and dissolution of the Church itself. The Catholic Church, through the nearly two thousand years of its tumultuous history, has weathered many a storm and come out perhaps even stronger from the crises engendered. I have no doubt that the Church will survive and, probably, grow stronger today; but how? when? and at what cost in human lives and aspirations? The present situation, so complex and apparently so contradictory, constitutes a challenge to those who understand the religio-social, the religio-cultural, forces of our time, and want to do something, however necessarily limited, to help move to valid and affirmative culminations. It is to be hoped that what I have said will be of some use to those who understand their responsibility in conformity with their faith and vision. □



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EDEN
SHAW
ENGELS

# THE NEW IMPERIALISM

LEWIS S. FEUER

*The Arabs and their Soviet confederates have been playing a game more dangerous than they realize with their off-and-on embargo tactic. Mr. Feuer recapitulates what has happened since Nasser seized the Suez Canal and speculates that a new imperialism may be in the works.*

IN JULY 1956, Egypt, led by President Nasser, seized the Suez Canal, beginning the sequence of events which have culminated in the oil embargoes and oligopolistic prices of 1973 and 1974. One man foresaw the inevitable consequences of allowing Nasser's act, and that was Anthony Eden, Prime Minister of Great Britain. He pleaded with President Dwight Eisenhower that the fate of the Western European nations was at stake. The ultimate issue, wrote Eden on September 6, 1956, was the menace of "united oil resources under the control of a united Arabia led by Egypt and under Russian influence. When that moment comes Nasser can deny oil to Western Europe and we here shall all be at his mercy." Saudi Arabia, Iraq, and Kuwait, for all their misgivings, would finally follow Egypt's lead, wrote Eden. Then, Egypt's president, having defied the industrial nations and having violated his pledged word not to blockade Israel, would say: "Trust me and withhold oil from Western Europe. Within six months or a year, the continent of Europe will be on its knees before you." Dwight Eisenhower was then in the midst of a presidential campaign against Adlai Stevenson. Reluctant to see a difficult issue raised, he bluntly told the British Prime Minister that American public opinion would not approve the use of force. He withdrew his previous benevolent neutrality toward the project for British-French recapture of the Suez Canal. The British and French invading the Suez region alone the next month were compelled by American disapproval to retreat. Now after 17 years Eden's "scenario" is being fulfilled. Oil is the Achilles' heel of the Western industrial system, and the Arabs with Soviet encouragement have been probing for its enervation. Did the British-French retreat from the Suez Canal mark the beginning of the decline of Western industrial civilization? Did the Americans by imposing on their allies a standard of ethics which neither Arabs nor Soviets observed commence the self-weakening of that unity essential to safeguard democratic industrial Western countries?

## *Shaw as Imperialist*

Every educated person in the West has been brought up to condemn "imperialism." It is part of the orthodox university creed that imperialism was an evil institution, the behavior of economically advanced countries which used their military power to exploit backward peoples. The English liberal J. A. Hobson, the Bolshevik Lenin, the left socialist Rosa Luxemburg, and all their ideological disciples depicted imperialism as the social system whereby voracious capitalists extracted superprofits and surplus value from helpless native peoples. A sense of moral outrage and indignation ramified in anti-imperialist movements; the Western conscience was haunted by a picture of exploited Africans, exploited Arabs, exploited Indians. From time to time there were, however, Western liberals, conservatives, and socialists who insisted that imperialism was a necessity for the advancement of a higher civilization, that it was the basis for human progress. The free-perceiving Bernard Shaw shocked a lot of left intellectuals in 1900 during England's Boer War when he refused to be taken in by the moralistic cant about the weak, helpless Boer republics. Has any country, Shaw asked, "a right to do what it pleases with its own territory without reference to the interests of the world?" As an "international socialist," Shaw answered: "No." A government no more than a landlord could do what it liked in utter disregard of the interests of its neighbors. It had at the least to maintain the minimum order required for travel and trade. "When a native government of this order is impossible, the foreign trading power must set one up." The message of Bernard Shaw's celebrated tract "Fabianism and the Empire" was clear: "The State which obstructs international civilization will have to go, be it big or little." No people had the right to squat on its territory, while denying to others the chance to develop its resources in agriculture, minerals, and oils, and nonetheless refusing to do so itself.

If Britain's leftists then applauded Paul Kruger, the president of the South African Republic whose peasant mind was molded by a sixteenth century Calvinist theology, today's leftists are the admiring gallery to a King Faisal who with his eighth century theology and a nomad's outlook, would lay down from his tribal kingship a rule not only for the Saudi Arabian herdsmen but

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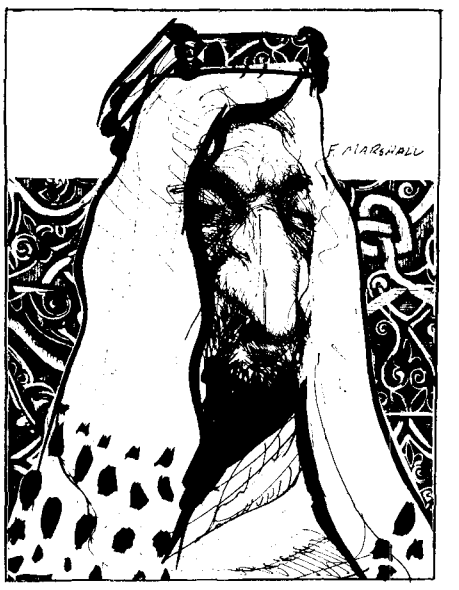
for all Western European industrial society.

Curiously, this was a problem which Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels had to face very early in their ideological careers. They had just completed writing their *Communist Manifesto* when the revolt of the Algerian Arab chief, Abd el-Kader, was being crushed. European primitivists were endowing the Arab chief with all sorts of noble virtues; a "Lawrence of Arabia" syndrome has evidently long affected Western intellectuals who fantasize shedding their alienations to the swayings of their camels in the desert. But Friedrich Engels, as an historical realist, would yield to no nomadic sentimentalism. It was well, he wrote, that the Arab chieftain had been captured. Though he criticized the actions of the French soldiers in their conquest of Algeria, it had been "an important and fortunate fact for the progress of civilization." It had been the only way to put down "the piracies of the Barbaresque states," wrote Engels, and to set Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco on the road to civilization. "They were obliged to find other employment than piracy, and other means of filling their exchequer than tributes paid to them. . . ." One may regret "that the liberty of the Bedouins of the desert has been destroyed," Engels conceded, but he insisted, "we must not forget that the same Bedouins are a nation of robbers," who live by marauding the settled villagers, by slaughtering and enslaving. "All these nations of free barbarians look very proud, noble, and glorious at a distance," but look at them more closely, wrote the co-founder of scientific socialism, and you will find them ruled by a lust for gain in which they use "ruder and more cruel means" than do the "modern bourgeois." The capitalist industrialists bring with them "civilization, order, and at least relative enlightenment," and Engels took their side rather than that of the "feudal lords of marauding barbarians."

## *Pax Imperialis*

Anthony Eden, Bernard Shaw, and Friedrich Engels thus all insisted upon a truth which the critics of imperialism have disregarded. Every industrial civilization rests on the use of raw materials and on the possibilities of the buying of such materials in exchange for its own products. Every cup of coffee, tea, or cocoa that one drinks, as well as the gasoline in millions of European and American cars, defines the circulatory veins of the international economic organism. When those circulatory veins are disrupted, then the response of the economic organism is one of imperialism. For the chief cause of capitalist imperialism was the need to establish order in areas of the world where disorder and wars were part of the permanent social scheme. Whether it was a fruit company assisting in organizing a "banana republic" or a rubber company reducing the powers of local sultans to engage in feudal wars which made it impossible to operate plantations of rubber trees, the basis for imperialism was foremost the organizing of political authority to enable economic life to go on. Upon this foundation, it was possible too for practices of exploitation to arise such as the horrors perpetrated by the company of Leopold II, King of the Belgians, in the Congo. But it was the order and peace brought by capitalist imperialism which was its chief economic function, even as the *pax Romana* was the basis for the hundreds of years of existence of the Roman Empire.

Indeed, if economic exploitation is being practiced anywhere in the modern world today, it is in the relations of the Middle Eastern oil producing countries to the advanced industrial countries such as Britain, West Germany, and Japan. The great extractors of surplus value in the Marxian sense are today the king of Saudi Arabia and a severalty of emirs and sheiks. It costs about ten cents to produce a barrel of oil in Saudi Arabia; the posted price for a barrel beginning January 1, 1974 was $11.65, though the "real" price was about half that much. Here was a rate of surplus value, the difference between ten cents and close to six dollars, which far exceeded any of the modest examples cited with anger in Marx's *Das Kapital*. The oil revenues of Saudi Arabia, its share of the profits, grew from $523 million in 1964 to $2.75 billion in 1972. These were charges imposed by a monopoly rentier, for only a small number of Saudi Arabian laborers were involved in the industry. Oil extraction is a capital-intensive industry, and the machinery, equipment, managerial and technical skill came from the United States. Only about 15,000 Saudi Arabians were employed in the oil industry, a small number compared to the half-




million working as farmers or herdsmen. As Charles Issawi and Mohammed Yeganeh wrote in their book, *The Economics of Middle Eastern Oil*, "Labor costs form a small fraction of total value added to the oil industry in the Middle East." Moreover, the Middle Eastern oil workers, far from being exploited, enjoy wage rates which far exceed those which prevail in other sections of their home economies.

## *Oil Extorting Countries*

Thus, a new type of social structure has come into existence. It is founded on what might be called, in its international setting, an economy of extortion; the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, it has been suggested, might be renamed the Organization of Petroleum Extorting Countries. Internally, these societies tend to be welfare absolutist states, struggling to assimilate great wealth even as they try to preserve the old political, social, and familial forms. As the British *New Left Review* acknowledged lugubriously, the regime of King Faisal of Saudi Arabia "combines the most virulent tribal tyranny with the most advanced repressive techniques." Though less than 1 per cent of his vast land is cultivated, most of that area, owned by the government, is leased to tenants, and then to sharecroppers. An absolutist monarch is thus at the same time the chief state capitalist. His ruling elite consists of the numerous progeny of royal polygamy—2,000 princes of the Saudi royal family bound together to preserve their common interest. This is a society in which,



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as K. W. Twitchell wrote, a woman taken in adultery is liable to be buried to the waist in a pit, and stoned to death. Though it allows television, all performances are rigidly supervised by religious censors for conformity to Moslem orthodoxy; all publications are scrutinized, while the movies naturally fall under the ban. Saudi Arabia remains culturally the land of the holy cities, Mecca and Medina, and Mohammed, not Marx, is its prophet. But the oil revenues must be at least partially spent, and the absolute monarch has gradually extended educational and social opportunities. In Saudi Arabia they have not reached the proportions attained by the sheikdom of Kuwait, which provides education from kindergarten through graduate school, with the latest in laboratories, libraries, and luxurious living quarters, and an exemption from taxes for its 700,000 residents, together with free telephone and health services. But in Saudi Arabia too a new intellectual class has come into existence, composed of several thousand Saudis returned from American and European universities with varied degrees of training in the engineering sciences, economics, and ideology. This new class is ambitious to become the new governing elite of Saudi Arabia and to supersede the old royal oligarchy. It is the fear of this new class which has prompted King Faisal to embark on oil embargoes which have filled Western industrial society with the anxiety of oil thirst, and the paralysis of its economy. And

Faisal is one whom Dean Acheson had well described, "a man who could be an implacable enemy."

Until this past year, the king of Saudi Arabia was safely reckoned among the "conservatives" in contrast to revolutionary Egypt and Syria. It was evident to him that an extension of Soviet power meant in the long run, if not the short, the end of his dynasty. Yet in both Egypt and Syria, Marxist ideology and Soviet weaponry were the two chief items of import. The Arab intellectuals everywhere were being drawn to socialism. Their "socialism" is a curious ideological variant. A few years ago I was an observer at a conference of Arab student associations. Every representative from each Arab country called himself a "socialist," and every one began by saying that his first aim was to expel the Israelis and to recapture the land of Palestine.

## *Inferiority Complexes*

Their next principle was then to industrialize and reconstruct their own countries. With a growing corps of such "socialist" intellectuals in his country, King Faisal lent an ear to such a spokesman of theirs as the suave Harvard alumnus, Sheik Ahmed Zaki al-Yamani, who became his Minister of Petroleum Affairs. For the ever-present threat was that otherwise the new intellectual class might coalesce into a revolutionary political organization directed against his own rule. King Faisal could well recall that in 1962 nine Saudi pilots had defected to President Nasser of Egypt, and that he had been compelled to ground his entire air force. Then four years later, an Arabian Peninsula People's Union, operating from a headquarters in North Yemen, had been suppressed only with the barbaric spectacle of 17 public executions. Yet the youth continued restive, and young officers in the army were not immune to the ideological contagion. In 1969 again, possibly 2,000 persons were arrested to contain the incipient political opposition. An oil embargo directed against the Western industrial nations, from King Faisal's standpoint, would both satisfy the anti-Israeli fervor of the Arab intellectuals and, curiously, assuage the inferiority complex which affects them. Saudi Arabia would stand united with Egypt, as it financed with its oil revenues the latter's war against Israel; the Nasserite model would be partially assimilated into the strategy of the royal oligarchy, thereby enabling it to retain the shaky loyalty of the intellectuals.

There was a joint purpose among the Arab countries and the Soviet Union: to humiliate through oil embargoes the United States, the Western countries, and Japan. On their side, the Arab intellectuals have chafed under the knowledge that for half a millennium their peoples have contributed nothing to the development of industrial civilization. Much of the hatred for the Israelis arises from the perception of a people building a modern, scientific society with their own efforts on a land which had been sparse and parched in its Arab days. The inferiority complex is a far more potent force in international relations than its Oedipal counterpart. The Russians too were feeling a loss of prestige as after more than a half century of Communist rule they still had to turn to the United States not only for industrial aid but for grain to supplement their lagging agriculture. The efflorescence of the "forces of production" under Communism which both Marx and Lenin had foretold had simply not taken place when measured against the rising productivity of the capitalist world. The rhetoric of detente is partially meant to conceal this failure. A political offensive against the United States had, however, to await the conclusion of the Vietnam war. President Sadat in Egypt asked his followers, impatient for war, to bide their time until the conclusion of the Vietnam war would make possible an undivided Soviet concentration of aid.

Then that war ended as far as American active involvement was concerned. Both the Egyptians and the Russians calculated that America's will to exert its power abroad would be seriously undermined. President Sadat in one of his speeches called for another Daniel Ellsberg to emerge to reveal with some presumably secret documents the "Zionist" influence on the making of American foreign policy. The Soviet regime for its part had already given the signal to its followers to unleash as far as they could a worldwide campaign of neo-antisemitism. That signal consisted in the publication in the Soviet Union of 31 "anti-Zionist" books during the years from 1970 to 1972. The most notorious of the Soviet antisemitic publicists, Trofim Kichko, had once been scolded in 1964 for his book *Judaism*



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*without Embellishment*; when world opinion was shocked by its Nazi-type cartoons, the Soviet Party Central Committee was moved to an official rebuke. But in 1972 Trofim Kichko was reactivated. The Soviet regime published his book, *Zionism—The Enemy of Youth*, which has provided the texts for numerous antisemitic editorials in newspapers throughout the Soviet Union. Another book, *Fascism under the Blue Star*, published in 1971 by the Young Communist League, led to a written protest by a group of 35 Soviet Jewish intellectuals. They declared that, according to this book, any Jew who showed "the slightest interest in anything Jewish . . . immediately becomes a Zionist." And since Zionism was accused of responsibility for the "counter-revolutionary" events in Czechoslovakia during the brief era of Dubcek, every Jew in the Soviet Union was regarded as a "potential agent."

The Soviet economic self-interest coincided in the short run with an aggressive adventure by the Arab countries. For the Middle East war and crisis enabled the Russians to sell large quantities of arms to the Arabs. The export of munitions is by far the Soviet Union's largest item of foreign trade. In return the Russians receive payment in dollars, which the Arab countries collect from their oil revenues. Thus, Western European countries, such as Britain, France, and West Germany, and Japan in the Far East are financing a Soviet economy which otherwise would be hard put to find the dollars it needs for buying an advanced technology abroad. And thus, the Western countries continue to subsidize Arab oligarchs who at their whim can threaten their peoples with depression and recession, and the utter disruption of their economic life.

## *International Anarchy*

The question naturally arises: will the Western European countries submit indefinitely to a situation in which they are perpetually threatened by an economic "unstabilizer" which they moreover abet by the billions of dollars of "surplus value" they contribute to the potentates of the desert? From this standpoint the present crisis over Israeli borders is only a transient episode. The real question is whether the rulers of a pre-industrial society can, through the accident of geography, claim to hold up the world's industrial development, and extort a monopolistic landlord's tribute from the technologically advanced nations of the world.

After the Second World War the old era of Western European imperialism came quickly to an end. To a considerable degree the development of a new chemical technology itself made that imperialism obsolete. If in 1946 synthetic rubber was replacing natural rubber for a high percentage of industrial needs, why expend lives and money to secure a Dutch hegemony over the plantation regions of Indonesia? If chemical technology today were to achieve an inexpensive synthesis of oil fuels, the era of the Arab extorting economies would be over. Meanwhile, however, the oligarchies remain with their perpetual destabilizing threat to the Western European peoples.

In the past, what G. Lowes Dickinson once called the "international anarchy" was the principal cause for initiating European imperialist action. In muted voices, Western European journalists, politicians, and statesmen, and above all the people, are beginning

*(Continues on page 386)*

# Hugh Hefner Contemplayboying the Bust of Joe S.O.B.ran

"The question is Do I ignore the Puritangent,
Or get him over to the nearest argument
For the Cleav Age of the Beautifull Bod,
Where, if he's any kind of a son of the Ol' Sod
Om and Gomorrah,
He'll just adorrah
Onanofferings of the Pushed-up Don't Touch Me's
Served paping hot or cold as the whether please?
He got as much chance to turn back the clock
As stopping a frigidaire full of frustrated phenomenologists
after a flock
Of Sterno cans in heat,
With his Sex-is-Aphrodirty-'cept-with-one's-own-sweet-
And-awful-wedded-mission
Ary-and-then-only-in-the-wifely-posission.
I mean 26 million readers don't lie
Around waiting for the fly
To keep its appointment
With the ointment.
Man, the Code's been zipped
Open up your icebox and get whipped
Into a creamy dish
You wanna get the wish
Bone after dinner at the Club.
Spell it anyway you like, Lub,
But when we get to the high-rise
Part of the pad, at's no time to philosophize.
I mean I get all bent
Out of shape you don't coöpulate with the ménagement.
Listen nothing in life 'sperm
Anent your application for a jab in The Fall term
At the Manse I'll have to see you set a table-bodied mensch
On fireligiously first. Any how-where-or-wench
Can spark the Comeon Man,
Of which Right? God hath created millions o' the spray can.
But how about the Allimportant Bout?
Perfumance counts, musk I point out?
I've led you to the Promiscuous Gland, Creep.
(Which makes God Hisself look down on His own little
Bosom and weep.)
Fact is our Playmates got two great proofs for the existence
of Bod
That always make our house-theologians hod
To live with.
I mean what can be wrong with Little Myth
Muffetish taking the wow
To go all the whey no matter who gets curdled, anyhow?
You mess with Hugh, A Legend in His Onan Time,
Boy, and The Great Bod, with whom I'm
In intimate wrapprochement, will exile you forever
to the Hell
Of wandering the flat, little-dug places where all the
Unbods dwell."

JOHANNES EFF



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LETTER FROM LONDON

# Who Indeed Rules Britain?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

It was a bleak morning after Britain's crisis election; bleak physically, with flurries of sleet and snow, and very bleak metaphorically, with the political prospect as uncertain and uncomfortable as anyone could remember. The election had been a strange affair throughout, and it produced the strangest possible result—or lack of result. Edward Heath took a gamble in calling it. He failed. Extraordinarily, the coin landed on edge.

Seeking a larger majority and a renewed mandate to strengthen him in his fight against union militancy and inflationary wage demands, Mr. Heath campaigned on the single issue "Who rules Britain?": and back came the answer, "Who indeed?"

This was an election that everybody lost, including spectacularly the commentators and public opinion polls. Most editorials had been advising the electorate to give Mr. Heath, if only for lack of any better alternative, the mandate he was seeking. So much for the vaunted—and feared—influence of the press. The polls had almost unanimously predicted that there would be a significant, though not enormous, Conservative victory. This is the second consecutive British election in which the polls tipped the wrong winner. Why? The usual excuses have been offered, of course; mainly the unhelpful fact that a small sampling error can produce a forecast which, though not very far out, is sufficiently misleading to give the wrong answer. It looks increasingly possible, though, that the polls published during a campaign may themselves influence the result; not, as has usually been suggested before, simply by creating a bandwagon effect, but by stimulating some people to trim their votes in the hope of modifying the predicted result. Whether this is a democratically valuable phenomenon, or if, on the contrary, publication of opinion polls during an election campaign ought to be forbidden, is matter for debate.

On this occasion the polls and the media had another very definite effect. They boosted the Liberal Party by persuading people that a vote for the Liberals, far from being wasted (as it would have been in all recent elections), was a fashionable and exciting option.

Between Edward Heath and Harold Wilson this election proved to be an unpopularity contest. Both received a

clear vote of no-confidence. The Conservative government's appeal for support was rejected, but so was the Labor Party's program of doctrinaire socialism. There was very little swing between the two main parties; the Conservatives gained slightly more votes throughout the country, the Labor Party slightly more seats in Parliament. The real swing was away from them both and toward the amorphous Liberal Party. But the Liberals didn't do as well as they had hoped. They won 20 per cent of the vote, but, because of the winner-take-all gearing of the British electoral system, only 14 parliamentary seats. As the Liberal leader, Jeremy Thorpe, bitterly complained, it took 50,000 votes to elect one Liberal member of Parliament.

Despite this peculiarity of the system, accident almost gave the Liberals the balance of power. But not quite. Even with Liberal backing neither of the two main parties could command an overall majority, because there is also a substantial block of Welsh and Scottish Nationalists and of so-called Loyalists (that is, uncompromising Protestants) from Northern Ireland. The position of these Irish Members is ironical. Until now, the Ulster Unionists have been reliable supporters of the Conservative Party: but Mr. Heath's government threw this advantage away—an advantage which, as things turned out, would have been conclusive—by forcing on the Protestant majority in Northern Ireland a scheme for power-sharing with the Catholics which these new Members, elected literally amid the sound of bombs and machine-gun fire, are pledged to overthrow.

When the electoral deadlock became clear, there was immediately a great deal of raking round for historical precedents and much talk about constitutional niceties. Britain had minority governments and coalition governments in the 1920s: and the consequences were not encouraging. But the analogies are far from exact; the situation today really is unique—not least because of all the other problems which are lowering over Britain like a wave about to break. The constitutional crisis was superimposed on the already existing, and very serious, economic, financial, and industrial crises.

Mr. Heath spent the weekend after the election in a vain attempt to arrange a coalition with the Liberals: but the Liberals, scenting a trap for themselves, rejected it, and suggested instead a Grand Coalition of all three parties in the national interest. This, in turn, was rejected by the Labor Party, which wanted no restraints on its socialist zeal. Mr. Heath threw his hand in, and Mr. Wilson returned to Downing Street as Prime Minister in a Labor government apparently more left wing, and more in thrall to the unions, than any administration which Britain has seen before.

Should this have been the outcome of an election which clearly gave no party a mandate to impose its political doctrines on the rest of the country? Some commentators and some politicians indulged in positively metaphysical arguments as they tried to interpret the enigmatic "will of the People" as expressed through the ballot box. But such talk is nonsense. The reality is that there is no consensus. The British electorate remains deeply and fundamentally divided in its political views, with a bigger than ever chunk of "float-

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ing" voters in the middle, washing about like loose cargo in a storm.

These "floating" voters haven't suddenly become Liberals in any coherent sense. A lot of them voted Liberal this time merely as a way of showing their dislike of Mr. Heath without rushing into the uncongenial arms of Mr. Wilson: a choice rendered emotionally pleasant because Jeremy Thorpe, though a political lightweight, has genuine charm, and because they had been convinced, partly by the media and partly by the fallacious idea that the other two parties represent equal and opposite extremes of the Right and Left, that it was the "moderate" thing to do. They wanted to take the politics out of politics. They were evading the necessity of making a real political choice. And, as far as the struggle with the unions is concerned, the election result was a vote for peace at any price.

If anybody won this election, it was the Communists and other militants in the unions. They have succeeded in doing exactly what they threatened to do. Not only have they broken the government's incomes policy but they have brought down the Conservative government.

In private, if not in public, Conservatives are now discussing to what extent this disaster was Mr. Heath's own fault and whether he should, or can, remain leader of the party. The first question is whether he was wrong to call the election when he did. In one sense, the result speaks for itself. He lost. Arguably, he was right in principle, because the issue which precipitated his decision and on which he campaigned was a real and serious one: and perhaps he was even right tactically, because the situation later in the year might have been —and may still be—a great deal worse. He "trusted the People" in the best Tory tradition, and the People let him down. They shirked the issue.

More profound doubts, however, are raised by the whole style of his government over the past four years—and the style, the philosophy, were very much his own. Britain's economic crisis, and the state of morale in which the Conservative Party faced it, were not, after all, merely the fruit of unpredictable chance. They were affected, if not entirely caused, by the Conservative government's policies.

When the Conservatives won the 1970 election (or, to be more accurate, when Mr. Wilson lost it—just as the 1974 election has been lost by Mr. Heath rather than won by Mr. Wilson), Mr. Heath announced a "quiet revolution" away from collectivism and toward individual freedom, away from government control and toward the market economy: but no sooner did the inevitable consequences begin to appear, in the form of temporarily increased unemployment and angry unions, than Mr. Heath and his colleagues took fright and reversed their policies. Inflation speeded up and the unions became even more arrogant and obdurate. Mr. Heath, compelled now to battle against these monsters to whose growth he had himself contributed, no longer talked like a Conservative at all. In this year's campaign he never mentioned freedom. He spoke only about "fairness," by which he meant a collectively determined distribution of wealth. In behaving like this, he lost the enthusiasm of genuine Conservatives, without attracting any of his opponents or earning the goodwill of nonpolitical housewives. And he never inspired warmth; he could win neither hearts nor heads.

But, if he were to retire from, or be eased out of, the party leadership, who would replace him? Most of his colleagues are tarred with the same brush. Those, like Mr. William Whitelaw, who are currently most in favor, because they are supposed to be "moderates," are also the most lacking in philosophic clarity and determination. The great exception, of course, is Enoch Powell, but his chances of acceptance by the Establishment of the Conservative Party have been reduced still further by the role he played in this election.

When the election was announced, he decided to take no part in it, because he could not, logically and conscientiously, support Conservative policies, on the control of wages and on Britain's membership in the European Common Market, diametrically opposed to his deepest beliefs. He kept ominously silent for the next fortnight: and then, with his usual immaculate sense of timing, he made a speech, on the last Saturday before polling day, at an anti-Common Market rally. British elections, he said, were about parties, not about individuals, so it would have been useless for him to run as an independent Conservative. Similarly, people who shared his views would have to support a party. Faced with a choice of evils, one should vote for what was reversible rather than irreversible. If Britain remained in the Common Market much longer, the sovereignty of the British Parliament would be irreversibly lost. If the Conservative Party under Mr. Heath won the election, there would be no hope of getting Britain out of Europe. If the Labor Party won, Mr. Wilson might not fulfill his pledge of a referendum on the subject, but there was at least a chance that he would. Therefore . . .

"Judas!" shouted one Conservative in the audience. "Judas," replied Mr. Powell passionately, "was paid. I am making a sacrifice."

It is possible, as Enoch Powell and some of his supporters hope, that the Conservative Party in opposition will now start to regain its soul: but how, and under what leader, this would happen is difficult to see. Meanwhile, Britain has a Labor government which talks about "national unity," while basing its whole attitude on the doctrines of envy and class war. The mere existence of such a government seems likely to render the economic situation far worse, not better. Can the Liberals really play a moderating role? Probably not; their new-found influence is as likely to dwindle again as to increase.

Wherever one looks, there are more questions than answers. How long can a minority government survive? When its position becomes untenable, will Mr. Wilson ask the country for a proper majority and gain a landslide victory, or will he suffer all the odium of the inevitable troubles to come and be repudiated by the fickle electorate? Or will there be another deadlock?

Britain must now—for the moment at least—be reckoned as unstable as any of the chronically unstable European nations. Ahead lie weeks, months, perhaps years, of wheeling and dealing; of hairbreadth votes in the House of Commons, with the sick and the maimed being pushed through the division lobbies; of ceaseless intrigue and politicking, with every by-election a national drama.

The big bookmaking firms, which alone made a profit out of this election, are already soliciting bets on the next one. □



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GERHART NIEMEYER

# The Politics of Hope

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS once remarked that for Communists the present was terrible but always held out the prospect of hope, while for the Free World the present was decent but without any ultimate hope. Actually it is true that not only Communists but all other varieties of progressive have raised hope as the flag around which their supporters rally, the flag sometimes bedecked with a streamer specifying the next installment of hope: the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Society, the Great Society, the People's Democracy, the New Democracy. This "principle of hope" (Ernst Bloch) centers wholly on the future, a future of expected political perfection, to be attained by revolution, gradualist legislation, administrative devices, or even automatic motion advancing not merely forward but also upward.

Roughly speaking, the name conservative has been claimed by many of those who refuse to subscribe to such futurism. Many others, less literate in political ideologies, have voted conservative even while being unaware what their vote signified. All the same, whether or not they read Whittaker Chambers, the truth he enunciated bothered them; in competition with movements waving the banner of hope they have lusted, at least in their hearts, for a "politics of hope" they could call their own. Christian clergy have been prominent in this kind of covetousness, as witness the National Council of Churches, a number of Jesuit publications, the national leadership of the Episcopal Church, many seminary teachers. The term covetousness is appropriate, for these clergymen have drawn their secular hopes not from Christian sources but from futurist ideologies. This then raises the question, have Christians no hope? The question refers not merely to Christians, but to all who oppose to ideological futurism a desire to live in society as best they can without joining a crusade for a new world—in other words, conservatives. What about our hope?

The Christian notion of hope was worked out by St. Paul, especially in his Letter to the Romans. Christian hope is for things imperishable, not confined to this world—things promised by God and secured by Jesus Christ. With a view to this imperishable glory, the entire Christian life is illumined and transfigured by hope. Hope thus is an enduring quality of a Christian life, together with faith and charity.

If a Christian would limit his hope to things of this world, says St. Paul, he would be of all men the most miserable. For in this world hopes either come to an end, when they are practically attained, or else end in disappointment, when human imperfection causes them to fail. A this-worldly hope cannot admit of a life of hope. A political hope looking toward a future society existing in history is of this kind. Either it will fail, or, should it succeed, it will terminate the hope it embodies. Communist and socialist hopes are counterfeit hopes. They provide no anchor, no continuous stream of joy for any human life. What is more, the end-vision of the futurist ideologies has been perverted from Christian eschatology. Heaven, the mythical term for imperishable glory, has been pulled into history in the form of "a classless society," "freedom from fear and want," "enduring world peace," or some other version of political perfection. All these goals are to be realized by political movements working through strategies of conflict and power, so that the counterfeit hope also entails something like human self-deification.

THE Christian, looking beyond death to God as the ultimate goal of glory, cannot cheapen himself to look for less, namely, for a perfect society. Meanwhile, he remains aware that in the world neither Christians nor virtuous people in general have the place to themselves. Since every political entity is thus composed of what one must call "mixed company," the situation admits of no more than a modest degree of peace, order, and justice. Must one call this a counsel of resignation? Christian civilizations, in a way, have been the most active and innovative in this world. Modern science, government, education, technology have all grown on Christian soil. Living a life illuminated by the long view does not reduce one to inactivity. People will always think of better ways of doing things—better court procedures, a better handling of the welfare problem, better methods of taxation, better education. Such efforts could be called "bit hopes," to distinguish them from a hoped for systemic transformation, the kind of outlook that hopes for a wholly new society, new life, new man.

DISCARDING any hope for the millennium, then, not only does not reduce one to resigned passivity, but actually frees the countless "bit hopes" from distorting long range expectations. If the socialists had not burdened us with their perspective of a future utopia, the legislative and administrative efforts of liberals during the last 40 years might have been undertaken and examined with more sobriety. As it was, they always carried with them the label of efforts to save the world. This kept them on a pedestal of a crusade, so that every critic was suspect as lacking in compassion, or vision, or, yes, hope. Thus new legislation, new bureaucracies, new expenditures, new taxes were piled on the old, all in the name of the single great, hopeful enterprise to which nobody dared refuse his support, on penalty of being called traitor. Once one eliminates the expectation that the overall character of human existence can be transfigured or transformed by political devices, good government and a good society, such as they can be, rest on two pillars: the virtue of citizens, and the sober intelligence of statesmen. The virtue of citizens grows from ultimate roots that the state cannot implant but can do much to promote and nourish, and sober intelligence is an excellence which one may say Americans, in the *Federalist Papers*, almost invented. Yes, conservatives, there is hope, if one musters the courage to shun all counterfeit hopes of heaven translated into worldly terms. □



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# Arts & Manners

## The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

## Alwin Nikolais

Whenever I could, late afternoons, I used to worm edgewise through the balcony door. As light shot, ajar also, over the darkened theater ceiling, I would hiss "sssh" to myself inanely. Back 18 or 19 years ago, while I was an acting student on scholarship at the Henry Street Playhouse. To watch Alwin Nikolais rehearse his dancers. To watch Alwin Nikolais.

He came at you as a clipper ship's figurehead would. Foam galoshes boiling around his feet; blond hair driven back by some postulated sea wind. Great men in theater are great-skulled. They seem to arrive already caricatured by Al Hirschfeld: Olivier, Burton, Welles, Mostel. You can't get famous with a pinhead. Nikolais managed to be both portly and lithe; his round face had a perpendicular keel. Sudden teeth in the great mouth that startled a 12-year-old me. I took the wall when we passed in a corridor. Just short of two decades later he has not changed. But his company is recognized now as the most innovatory force in American dance. Tours of Europe, South America, the Middle East. TV hours. Sold out seasons at the Théâtre de la Ville and Sadler's Wells. I'm glad of it. In the Henry Street balcony, I hit on an experience so lush and exquisite, yet rigorous, that it mainlined my prepubic sense of shape, sound, and movement.

"Noumenon" (1953). Three men, limbless, headless, in scarlet stretch sacks. Seated, moreover, so that you can't even relate balance to their feet. It's like something you might glimpse under a microscope in pond scum: amoebic, cellular. *Webster's*: "Noumenon: an object understood by intellectual intuition, without the aid of the senses." Not literally true: you see these enwombed things, but they are so unfamiliar, unanthropomorphic, that sight is abstracted, more concept than vision. Nikolais' figures are bagged, boxed, shrouded; Laocoöns, fetuses. The red sacks tauten: a rectangle drawn between legs and upraised arms, like Othello's "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Tension persists throughout: no surface is ever made slack. The bags rush through a hundred soft geometries. It's stunning. You have to know the human form perfectly to annihilate it with such cunning panache.

Needless to say, there aren't any

prima ballerinas in Nikolais' company. A culture of tuberculosis bacilli has more outstanding individuals. I tell Nikolais: no dance theater is so marked by one man's personality. He smiles, "That's true." And the blurred human forms: "I was a little annoyed with the Jungian view that the body and sexuality were the beginning and the end." Nikolais' dancers merge with, emerge from omnivorous and somewhat malevolent masking shapes: cages, scrolls, tents. Even when momentarily free they seem on parole for good behavior.

"Trio from Vaudeville of the Elements" (1965). Three female torsos, each socketed into a telescoping lampshade dress; elastic material drawn over hula hoops. They seem to hydrofoil; Nikolais obscures recognizable human movement. "They're on roller skates," someone behind me has said. "No, they're on the men's shoulders." But they simply glide small-stepped, direction set against the head's angle so that they appear disjointed, eccentric. Sorcery. "Tensile Involvement" (1953). A complex cat's cradle of streamers hung down from the flies. Ten dancers shuttle in and out, warp/woof, crocheting web patterns. Spontaneous applause. It has the powerful rhythm of chromosomes locking to frame a new compound entity.

"Tensile Involvement" reminds me: Nikolais started as a puppeteer. "A marionette has no facial expression. From that I learned the importance of quality in gesture." And the importance of strict control. Nikolais' people are exploited. It's postindustrial art; men dependent on some vast, mute productive system. The dance titles, you notice, are severe and unprogrammatic as language in a corporate prospectus. Light metallic alloys, polyester stretch material: his dancers are at the command of technologies. Their first rehearsal is a dress rehearsal. "We begin right away with the set, with the costumes." Because the body is either controlled or extended, as it were, by prosthetic devices. Man the tool user. Nikolais' art is to dance roughly what animation was to the film.

"Scrolls," a new work. Looks like the linoleum department at Gimbels gone amok. Nikolais' stage has an inside and an outside: here five insides. Five burly upright cylinders, expanding, contracting as they wallow around. Stenciled by the slide projector with gorgeous, swanky patterns. Figures dance as much to color as to music. And music is a cattle prod. Nikolais composes it himself. "Most of my music is arhythmic. I was very early on the *concrète* scene." Electronic sound, a symphony of shorted circuits, reinforces the technological ambience. When dancers, sheepish, play hooky from the enveloping scrolls, their movement is spastic. Music disciplines them. They don't interpret sound; it's as if the music had been wired into their frontal lobes. They jerk like Galvani's frogs. And human bodies run together. Nikolais builds composite people: centaurs, griffins, Aristophanes' male-female quadrupeds.



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As the titles suggest, there is no ideological gist. "Tower," one of Nikolais' few dissatisfying works, does mime a civilization's growth and decay. This is an exception. Nikolais cares for form: he has synesthized dance (in "Tower" there's even some verbal gibberish). "We work wth light projection from the start. Dance has always been considered just a kinetic art form. I've tried to give it a visual and aural importance it never had." The movement is sophisticated. In "Alphabet" (1959), for instance, two dancers mirror each other. Two, because one isn't enough. "With one dancer the audience is unsure. It can't be certain that complex series of gestures is accurate, is meant to be. With two dancers in symmetry, the audience feels secure."

Dance tends to disappoint me. The human form, solo, is pompous and exaggerative. Given gravity, given the requirements of balance, there's just so much that homo erectus can do with two arms, two legs. But Nikolais assists the body: he yanks it into the twentieth century. Indeed a "Vaudeville of the Elements," immediate, witty, and entertaining. If you haven't seen the Nikolais Dance Theatre, you've seen nothing like it. □

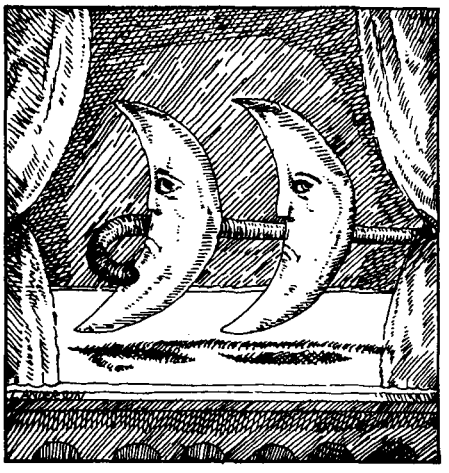
# THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

## Misbegotten Moons

A play by Tom Stoppard, best known for his *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* and *The Real Inspector Hound*, is now in its ostentatious American premiere at Washington's Kennedy Center, produced under the aegis of Roger Stevens with settings by the brilliant Czech designer Josef Svoboda, and starring Brian Bedford and Jill Clayburgh. The glittering occasion is almost as spectacularly barren as the young lady who, in the play's opening moments, strips nude while swinging by her teeth across the proscenium on a crystal chandelier. *Jumpers* is a jumble of vaudeville and philosophy—not cohesive and seldom coherent—assembled from the theatrical toy box of a postgraduate jester.

In what Stoppard has described as his attempt to combine the farce and the play of ideas, George Moore, a dusty professor of moral philosophy, ambles ontologically on and on preparing in his den a lecture in which he hopes to demonstrate that God Is. Or Are. His leggy wife, Dotty, has been a singing star with a top-hat repertory of moon-June-croon songs. But she is suffering from a collapse of faith brought on by the telecast of the first two English astronauts landing on her blue moon and then fighting over which one shall return to earth in their disabled spacecraft. Dry BBC announcer:



"The triumph of Captain Scott will be somewhat overshadowed by the memory of Astronaut Oates, a tiny receding figure waving forlornly from the featureless wastes of the lunar landscape." Meanwhile, on the Orwellian earth, the church has been nationalized, like the railways, and an agnostic scientist is the new Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE PLAY'S title refers to the faculty of George's university philosophy department who—all but George, the absolutist—also make up a yellow-suited crack gymnastics team, thereby doubly capitalizing on their fancy footwork as behaviorists and relativists in a Godless world. A brainy and agreeable but much overextended joke. In Act I, a member of this team of jumpers is mysteriously killed. Stoppard's play thereafter plays back and forth between that mystery and George's philosophic one, anticly strewing the lunar landscape with a coy array of allusions and symbols, and all the while barely sustaining clarity or our attention at any level. For his ideological dilemma, Stoppard jingles the tinniest jargon of despair: with scientific man on the moon, where is God and what of man's significance in the universe? Stoppard answers with cardboard characters and cute ventriloquy. We know it isn't necessary for us to give a God Am about either. So at the end of the play, when George ineptly crushes a pet tortoise he was to use in his lecture, the audience voices its anguish—for the turtle.

There is some small wit in the evening and there are production novelties of a cumbrous sort, but the play is without a trace of the poetry of the Absurd; God is dead has been better said. Svoboda's projections are often pedestrian and his pie-shaped revolves move ponderously; but his mirroring mylar curtain in which audiences see themselves achieves something the play does not.

ON BROADWAY, Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten* with Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst, directed by José Quintero, is playing to capacity houses. Maturely acted as it is, I cannot share the enthusiasm of many critics for this play in which, once again, the ghosts of O'Neill's guilts stalk the stage—this time seeking the solace of dusky moonlight and the mothering bosom of Josie Hogan. To this tough but gentle daughter of a rascally Irish drunken farmer comes the landlord of their rocky Connecticut farm, James Tyrone Jr., an alcoholic actor and middle-aged, seedy playboy, long the friend of both father and daughter. Tyrone seeks Josie (Dewhurst) in hope of the absolution of compassion for his sins; this Josie amply gives, first with the hope of love, but at last without any hope at all.

Listening to the tormented Tyrone's confession of his drunken fornication with a tawdry whore while aboard the train carrying his mother's casket, I began to suspect this aching guilt would be less affecting if we did not carry with us the image of the suffering poet, O'Neill himself. That image of the demon-haunted teller of mortal truth is imprinted upon us by his *Long Day's Journey into Night* and *The Iceman Cometh*. James Tyrone in *Moon* seems to me a thinly drawn figure who by biographical resonance may strike some chord of our compassion. On the Morosco stage there is Jason Robards, long associated now with O'Neill's plays, looking in his mustache very much like the aging O'Neill, and recently come from a personal hell of depression, alcoholism, and near self-destruction. When, near the end of the play, under the cool grace of moonlight, Robards as Tyrone is cradled asleep in the lap



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of Josie Hogan, there is the image of the suffering poet in a pietà.

As Tyrone and Josie, the mature Dewhurst and Robards seem almost too world-wise for another round of confession-compassion, but in their weary, dogged try is the power of their performance. At times Dewhurst, in trying to even out O'Neill's poetic boulders, makes Josie too flat; and when Robards twists the gimlet of guilt into himself, he leaves me quite outside, though not without admiration. Ed Flanders as Mike Hogan gives an understated, fine-lined portrait of the shrewd, coarse-grained father. O'Neill's play has had the most careful, generous, and gifted of attentions.

BRIEFLY: In Washington, James Whitmore's recreation of Will Rogers at Ford's Theater left us with a perspective of our humor and our history in which Watergate seems survivable. . . . Arena Stage's production of Bertolt Brecht's *Arturo Ui*, an overextended allegory presenting Hitler's rise as the rise of a Chicago gangster who takes acting lessons, had the clever Richard Bauer to mimic Der Führer frenetically. But the circus ring staging of Carl Weber only further dissipated a thin, fractious play. . . . On the basis of previews here, I would commend to New Yorkers *Noël Coward in Two Keys* with Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Anne Baxter—not only for the performances, but for the rather touching second play of the two-play evening which tells the story of an elderly writer sadly trapped by his own dehumanized wit. □

# OPERA

MANUELA HOELTERHOFF

## Massacro Siciliano

Having sympathized fully with Montserrat Caballé's recent demises, on the pyre as Norma [*NR*, June 22, 1973] and on the battlefield as Joan of Arc [*NR*, Jan. 4], it seemed only proper to visit the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani*, which is centered on the diva's considerable voice and appearance. Indeed, Caballé's serene immobility proved to be the focal point in this sparse production, which consisted of one huge staircase, black and white like a Vasarely painting, and one equally large black backdrop, both designed by Josef Svoboda.

Balanced on her left and right during the first act were gloomy globular structures. Since we were ostensibly in thirteenth century Italy just a few arias prior to the Sicilian massacre of the French, these were presumably Angevin fortresses. Of course, those who had driven to the opera that night were not so easily deceived: we recognized them as brilliantly camouflaged Exxon storage containers, of the type recently regarded with more interest than ever on the flat expanse of Long Island. But even after that creative leap, spanning centuries, it still took considerable imagination to interpret a number of staircase variations as the Sicilian beach or ballroom the libretto demanded, never mind the promised citrus trees, domed chapels, rowboats, and dancing bacchantes and satyrs at the Court of Palermo (there was no court and no real ballet). Fortunately for the confused, there was one clue as to where we were. In her first act attire Caballé looked just like Santuzza, the distraught heroine of that other Sicilian tale of treachery and butchery, *Cavalleria Rusticana*. What four of the Met's better singers (Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz, in addition to the soprano) were doing there in Sicily is still to be answered.

ONE HAD ascended the Metropolitan's own staircase (much more colorful than Svoboda's) equipped with a satisfying knowledge of the bolero, a sprightly tune sung to perfection by Cristina Deutekom on a Philips solo album. Thus one faced the entire enterprise with happy expectation. As it turned out, this coloratura extravaganza is sung about ten minutes before everyone dies. By that time, three hours of only intermittently interesting music had been heard, and nobody cared very much, including Caballé, who sang the long awaited bolero with less than overwhelming accuracy in a tempo approximating a stately sarabande, while holding a bunch of roses. (The Elena on the complete RCA release of *Vespri*, Martina Arroyo, with nothing to hold on to and with an uneven technique, doesn't do much better.)

Since the opera, composed after *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata*, has never enjoyed any popularity except for a brief time after the premiere in 1855, it is perhaps wise to outline the tragic events occurring on that staircase of epic proportion. The Duchess Elena is the first to descend, mourning for a brother who has lost his head, and a Hohenstaufen Empire that has lost its glory. The French soldiers congregating at the bottom ask her to sing a bit. This she does, in a voice slightly marred by a burr in the middle range, but clear at the top. A furor ensues, as always with Caballé, a favorite at the Met, halted only by the arrival of the French governor, Monforte (Sherrill Milnes). Like so many Verdi baritones, he has somehow lost touch with a close relative. Unlike *Il Trovatore*'s Conte di Luna, it is not his brother, nor is it, as in *Simon Boccanegra*, an only daughter, long lost and now *ritrovata*, but un-

fortunate Monforte has been a stranger to his own son, for public and private expediency. This son is Arrigo (Nicolai Gedda), who loves Elena, the incarcerated leftover from the previous regime. Together with Procida, the erstwhile physician to Frederick II of Austria, and the Sicilian populace, they are planning to overthrow the French oppressors. Arrigo loathes Monforte, especially after the frustrating and belated news that he is the governor's son. But the generous prospect of marrying Elena and a bit of filial piety change Arrigo's mind. Unfortunately, the wedding ceremony, like its sixteenth century counterpart in France between Marguerite de Valois and Henri de Navarre, has an unexpected climax. But at least the Huguenot massacre inspired Giacomo Meyerbeer to compose Raoul's Romanza and the final love duet between the tenor and Valentine—far better pieces than anything Verdi managed for his *Vespri*. Only Elena's "*Arrigo!*

*(Continues on page 389)*



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# BOOKS

## Backstage Manipulator

ROBERT D. NOVAK

*Drew Pearson Diaries 1949-1959*
*Edited by Tyler Abell*
*Holt, 592 pp., $15*

Drew Pearson was not only the best known, widest read, and richest syndicated Washington columnist, before or since, but was a significant manipulator and controversialist in national affairs for some four decades. Never content with the passive role of disinterested journalist, he was deeply involved in the intrigues of backstage Washington as an uncompromising, vindictive champion of liberal causes. He was a regular combatant, as both plaintiff and defendant, in the courts of law. His feuds were legion, including death struggles with Douglas MacArthur, James Forrestal, Joseph R. McCarthy, Lewis L. Strauss, and, for a time, Harry S. Truman (who as President publicly called Pearson a liar and an s.o.b.). In addition, Pearson led a personal life more tempestuous and colorful than most politicians he wrote about.

Therefore, publication of the first half of the secret diaries he kept the last 20 years of his life, beginning in 1949 at the age of 51, arouses considerable expectations. But Pearson, unfortunately, is a mediocre diarist. Introspection is almost wholly lacking. The great exposer of the secrets of others is most discreet about his own. The excellent *Drew Pearson: An Unauthorized Biography* by Oliver Pilat (1973) in fact shows how much Pearson chose not to reveal in his diaries, as edited by stepson Tyler Abell. To my utter astonishment, he does not even mention the renowned physical assault on him by Joe McCarthy at Washington's Sulgrave Club on December 12, 1950, when the two men were separated by the intervention of one Richard M. Nixon.

Interminable diary accounts of Pearson's apparently aimless foreign trips have the pace and vitality of a travelogue. The book is cluttered with detailed accounts of long forgotten Pearson law suits, such as a Detroit case involving Father Coughlin's sexual misadventures alleged by Pearson, and his protracted courtroom struggle with the corrupt Attorney General F. Napoleon Howser of California. In contrast, great events of the decade are ignored. Inexplicably, there are no entries published for that fateful autumn of 1956, when Hungary and Egypt cast such long and tragic shadows.

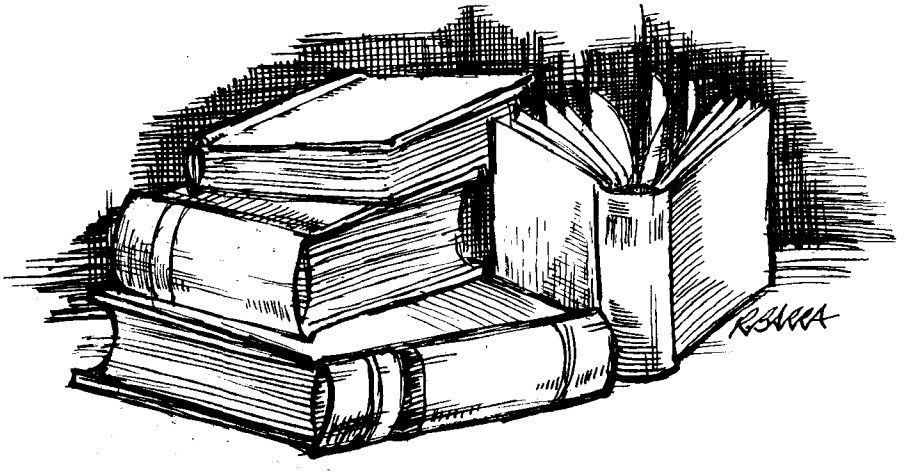
Yet, there are valid reasons to wade through this thick book, not the least of which are scandalous tidbits dropped regularly without warning. Indeed, a major purpose of Pearson's keeping the diaries may have been to reveal after death succulent bits of Washington gossip that libel laws prevented from being published in life.

Propriety prevents repeating most of the juicy morsels, but a small sampling is necessary to give the flavor of the book. He reveals a report of Howard Hughes' procuring call girls for Secretary of the Interior Julius Krug. "Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder has been drinking again," Pearson notes in 1949. Dwight D. Eisenhower is described as inebriated when making his victory speech on election night, 1952. Pearson repeats remembered accounts of "Wendell Willkie and his love affairs," a World War I dalliance in Paris by John J. Pershing, and Winston Churchill getting drunk during the Atlantic Charter conference with hilarious results. The tone of Pearson playing Washington gossipmonger is reflected in this 1949 entry, reprinted in its entirety:

> June 28: Truman is still irked at J. Edgar Hoover. One reason is that the FBI file contained a report that Charlie Ross [White House Press Secretary], going down the bay on a Norfolk boat, had chased a couple of gals around the deck.

But Pearson was much more than a gossipmonger, and there is much more in his diaries than titillation. They reveal his principal activity was prodding and pressuring government officials, devising strategies for them, and quite often writing their speeches. "Stayed up until midnight writing speeches" for congressmen to give the next day in behalf of a Pearson crusade, he notes in his entry for February 9, 1958.

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon was





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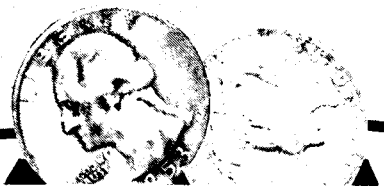

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## RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *The Education of Lev Navozov*, a memoir by the refugee of the ame name, is subtitled *Staying Sane in he Soviet Union* (Harper's Magazine 'ress, $10). The same house explores *The Aad World of Heinrich Himmler* by Ladslas Farago and Herbert John ($10). . . . AcKay unveils *Esquire: The Best of 40 'ears* ($9.95). . . . Jay Williams traces the ımerican theater's portside dip in the inerwar period in *Stage Left* (Scribner's, 7.95).

■ PAPERBACKS: For harried parents, two y Vernon Howard at 95¢ each: *100 'ames for Boys and Girls* and *Fun Games or Boys and Girls* (aren't the first hundred ın?) (Zondervan, May). . . . Donald E. ower's *Ghost Towns and Back Roads* ıkes us on an illustrated tour down by-'ays of the Old West that Progress left ndisturbed (Stackpole, March, $4.95). . . William Craig recreates the battle of talingrad in *Enemy at the Gates* (Balıntine, April, $1.95). . . . Back in print: hesterton's *St. Thomas Aquinas* (Image, 1.45). . . . Noonday collects Solzhenisyn's *Stories and Prose Poems* ($3.25). he same imprint reissues Edmund Wilon's *A Window on Russia* (May, $2.95). . . Schocken is calling its reprint of afka's *The Castle* the Definitive Edition April, $2.45).

■ APRIL BOOKS: Don Jackson studies America's judiciary in *The Judges* (Atheneum, $10). . . . Richard A. Lanham's *Style* is subtitled *An Anti-Textbook* (Yale, $6.95). . . . It was some car, says Nathaniel T. Dawes in his illustrated history of *The Packard: 1942-1962* (Barnes, $17.50). . . . Edmund Wilson's *Journals: The Twenties* is edited by Leon Edel (Farrar, $8.95). . . . Raymond Dirks, who broke the Equity Funding scandal, tells about it with Leonard Gross in *The Great Wall Street Scandal* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95). . . . Billie Jean King's *Finding Out the Score* is as much about Women's Lib as tennis (Harper, $5.95). For the same publisher Martin Mayer's *The American Condition* is iconoclastic ($6.95).

Richard (*Wall Street Jungle*) Ney finds *Wall Street, Inc.* a disaster area these days (Praeger, $8.95). . . . Rabbi Bruce A. Goldman takes off after the American Jewish Establishment in *Up against the Wailing Wall* (Straight Arrow, $7.95). . . . John Updike fashions a biographical play around his favorite President in *Buchanan Dying* ($6.95). . . . *NR*'s Nika Hazelton proclaims *I Cook as I Please* (Grosset, $7.95). . . . John Roche collects his essays for *Sentenced to Life* (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . In *The Imperial Republic: American Foreign Policy 1946-1973*, Raymond Aron postulates the end of U.S. hegemony (Prentice-Hall, $8.95). The same house will also be offering David E. Koskoff's life of *Joseph P. Kennedy* ($10). □

otorious as a Pearson Leak, for which e received immunity from the column's riticism. But I had not realized this vas a two-way transmission belt. Pearon's entry of April 24, 1959 begins: Got up early and dictated a speech for Vayne Morse on Clare Luce." This was Morse's famous screed that eventually ıounded Mrs. Luce out of her appointnent as ambassador to Brazil.

THE DIARIES also disclose the time and nergy expended by Pearson in his fruitess quest to win the Democratic presiential nomination for Senator Estes Kefauver in both 1952 and 1956, a rusade seemingly inspired less by high egard for Kefauver's presidential qualiies than the appetite for having his wn man in the White House. Pearson's ntry of April 16, 1956 reveals he greed to "quit criticizing" Senator yndon B. Johnson's "tax deal" for a owerful oil man if Johnson would suport Kefauver at the Democratic conention. When Kefauver's campaign ollapsed in the spring of 1956, Pearson elates his bargaining session with Adlai tevenson, offering Kefauver's support in return for the vice presidential nomination.

But nowhere was Pearson so blatantly and effectively involved in pulling the political strings as in the senatorial lynching of Lewis Strauss as Secretary of Commerce in 1959. Lining up senators to oppose Strauss and writing their speeches, Pearson also emerges as a reason for the stunning decision by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson to oppose Strauss. When Pearson learned that former Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson was going to appear at the confirmation hearings with testimony that Strauss had "masterminded" the hydrogen bomb, he immediately telephoned Cyrus Eaton, noting in his diary: "Eaton's railroad (the Chesapeake & Ohio) does more business in West Virginia [Johnson's home state] than any other one firm. He called me back later in the day to say that he had talked to Louis and that there would be no testimony in behalf of Strauss." As the vote on Strauss neared, Pearson mused: "I suppose I should register as a lobbyist."

If any overriding philosophy instructed Pearson in these tireless expeditions into advocacy journalism, it was a simplistic and reflexive faith in New Deal liberalism. He wastes no time in these pages on philosophical reflections. By definition, the liberal cause was noble and the conservative cause corrupt.

But Pearson seems hard put to cope with Communism in this context. While genuinely appalled by totalitarian Communist governments and devoting his own time to programs for piercing the Iron Curtain with free world propaganda, Pearson obviously regarded his real enemies at home as the militant anti-Communists of the Right. A reader of this book would imagine Pearson felt the Republic had less to fear from the Soviet Union than from the Roman Catholic Church (which, incidentally, he blames for forcing him off network television and radio in the early 1950s).

CERTAINLY, his recurrent diary entries on the origins of the cold war are sufficiently woolly to satisfy any revisionist of the 1970s. " . . . I still cannot help but think that if Sumner [Welles] had remained on in the State Department in 1943 the peace of the world would not be so garbled." He passes on the explanations by his friend Joseph Davies, Franklin Roosevelt's notoriously gullible ambassador to Moscow, of how Winston Churchill caused the cold war. But at heart, Pearson was too shrewd an old bird to buy all this nonsense totally, confessing after one long conversation with Davies in 1950 his "fear that it is almost impossible to get along with a police state, no matter in what country it operates."

Such ambivalence occasionally displayed by Pearson on the issues was submerged in his singleminded, unrelenting crusades against his personal enemies. While describing the details of his implacable—and successful—campaigns to drive Forrestal and Strauss from public life, the diaries say nothing about the cause for his intensity. Biographer Pilat writes that Pearson blamed Strauss as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission for lifting Dr.

**Robert D. Novak** *is a nationally syndicated columnist. . . .* **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.** *is associate editor of the* Greensboro Daily News *in North Carolina. . . .* **Rene Kuhn Bryant**, *a freelance writer, is a frequent contributor to this section. . . .* **Walter Connor** *teaches at the University of Michigan.*



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Robert Oppenheimer's security clearance. Judging from the brutality of Pearson's campaign against him, Forrestal symbolized much more: Wall Street, the munitions industry, economic and social conservatism, the Roman Catholic Church, the military establishment, "imperialism"—everything Pearson had instinctively detested his entire adult life. Rather than contemplate issues, Pearson much preferred assault to the death against the men who represented the embodiment of all evil in the world.

Moreover, these campaigns inevitably became personal vendettas, unrelieved by the slightest civility or spirit of moderation. Even after Forrestal's suicide ended a career of valuable and courageous service to his nation, there was no salute from Pearson to his fallen adversary, no spirit of Christian reconciliation. His diary entry on the day of Forrestal's death in 1949 concludes with this chilling epitaph: "If Forrestal had been true to his friends, if he had made one sacrifice for a friend, . . . if he had spent more time with his wife instead of courting his mistresses, he would not have been so alone this morning when he went to the diet pantry of the Naval Hospital and jumped to his death."

Such implacability can derive only from a sense of personal hatred so intense that good judgment is abandoned. Indeed, his diaries make clear that Pearson's reportorial skills were adulterated by his overriding sense of personal vendetta. The famous feud with Harry Truman, well under way as he begins this diary, totally blinded him to that President's historical accomplishments in his stand against world Communism. Pearson calls Truman's aid program that saved Greece from Communism "one prolonged miserable botch" and refers to Truman himself as "nice, mediocre, and bungling." His appraisal in 1949: "If Mr. Truman had just been able to go through life in the position of a glorified hander-out-of-awards, instead of directing intricate affairs of the greatest nation in the world, we would all have been a lot better off." Only when he and Truman reconciled during the Eisenhower Administration did Pearson substantially upgrade his appraisal of the Truman years.

His glaring underestimation of the Truman Presidency is not unusual. Despite his gimmick of "predictions of things to come," Pearson's crystal ball was consistently cloudy, as his diaries reveal. He saw Dave Beck of the Teamsters and Carmine DeSapio of Tammany Hall, both future inmates of federal prison, as statesmen of great integrity. Worst of all were his political predictions: Eisenhower not to seek reelection in 1956, Edmund G. Brown and Nelson A. Rockefeller as opposing nominees for President in 1960, and "Jack Kennedy won't get anywhere" in his ambition for President (as erroneous as Pearson's belief that "Kennedy probably will resort to the thinking of his old man").

But Pearson's business in Washington was not truly that of a political forecaster or even political reporter. His self-imposed mission was to utilize his power to force the political system along a path conforming to his notions of liberalism and rectitude. His diaries, then, are of little help as an overview of the 1950s in Washington. But they do shed some new light on Pearson himself as a relentless, ruthless, and consistently effective backstage manipulator of his nation's troubled course. □

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*Hope Abandoned*
*By Nadezhda Mandelstam*
*Atheneum, 687 pp., $13.95*

## MIRACULOUS PERSISTENCE

WALTER CONNOR

It is over ten years since Solzhenitsyn, in depicting one day in the life of his *zek*, Ivan Denisovich, restored to the Russian people a slice of the history they had been forced to forget. While Khrushchev had his own clear uses for a literary stick with which to beat his opponents, it seemed from the outside that, with liberalization, much more history would be restored to those who had experienced it.

So it has been—but not because of "liberalization." The massive corpus of Solzhenitsyn's work and the works of Amalrik, Marchenko, and others have circulated widely (but only in the *samizdat* pipeline) within the Soviet Union, and to a broader readership in the West, where they have, one hopes, done much to shape the image of Soviet life held by "attentive publics" today.

Now to these, and to her earlier *Hope against Hope*, Mme. Mandelstam adds her "Second Book," fulfilling her commitment to her poet-husband Osip Mandelstam—who will, it seems near assured, emerge the greatest Russian poet of the century—and to herself. She has survived to give the world a literary, political, and personal document to which any review is an inadequate response.

This is not, like so many other powerful *samizdat* memoirs, a chronicle of the camps. Its compelling power, indeed, lies in the fact that the chaos, the brutalities, and the tragedies of Russian life under and after Stalin recorded so painfully here are the recollections of one who, however improbably, never went to prison, but remained "on the outside" to witness them. It records their impact on her life and the lives of those around her—friends, acquaintances, enemies—whose responses she records, analyzes, and *judges*: for this is a woman who has been through the refiner's fire, and does not fear to judge. (As Joseph Brodsky wrote in his review for *The New York Review of Books*, "she proved to be, to judge from everything one knows, the only person within the territory of Russia who had not forgotten the catechism taught in grammar school.")

Mme. Mandelstam's moral concern cut much deeper than issues of the relative possibilities of liberty under socialism and capitalism, and the like. Her memoir will speak eloquently, of course, to the presumably conservative readership of this journal, yet with equal force to those, like the present reviewer, who would not style themselves thus. But its message is directed most sharply at those who are captivated by exhilarating ideas of massive social and individual "transformation," who relish the "great experiments" when the old rules no longer apply, but who shut their minds and eyes to the misery (to say nothing of the nasty excess of corpses) such exercises produce: in short, at an audience unlikely to attend.

She is not slow to condemn the ahistorical mentality of the young, but is no less harsh on her own generation, especially the intelligentsia. Some might find her excoriation of their various moral compromises uncharitable, considering the pressures they faced—yet it should not be forgotten that it was



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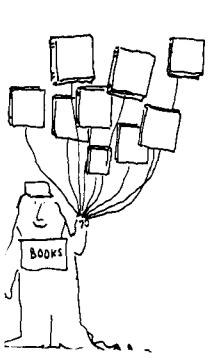
rom just this opportunism and compromise, the devaluation of humaneness nd culture which polluted the atmosphere of Moscow and Leningrad literary salons, that she and her husband urned away willingly to bear the burlens of their courage. One's route led o death in the Kolyma on a date his vidow still cannot ascertain, the other's o over 20 years of harassment and ersecution as she sought to preserve is works and person in her memory.

Even with its touches of humor, and its celebrations of the few who retained essential humanity, this is a profoundly pessimistic work, reflecting Mme. Mandelstam's conclusion that the last 50 years of history have brought about a deep moral and psychological deormation of the people as a whole, and ier fear that the younger generation, rom whom history's lessons have been arefully hidden, is in its collective ignornce as much a danger as a hope for the uture.




> The only excuse for the behavior of Soviet people, whether in big or small matters, is that they are mentally sick. . . . that anybody could be normal is quite out of the question. Fifty years of this life could produce no other result. Even today's young, "unfrightened" people seem mad to me. . . . They have learned nothing from past slaughter, and since the smell of blood from those days is now only very faint in the nostrils, there is nothing to prevent the whole thing from beginning all over again, in a somewhat modernized form.

This is not an easy book to read—o confront the realities it records can ever be a comfortable experience. But hen, Mme. Mandelstam's purpose is ot to offer comfort, but to assert the laim of history on human consciousess: "we must go on talking of these hings, over and over again, until every njustice and every tear is accounted or . . ." Yet though this long chroni:le and through the pain it will cause he reader, comes a point of vast moral ignificance. It is the affirmation of hunanity, of the unbending capacity for ndividual judgment, under conditions vhich make its persistence near miracuous. And, as she might say, there is othing more important. □

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*Elites against Democracy: Leadership Ideals in Bourgeois Political Thought in Germany, 1890-1933*
*By Walter Struve*
*Princeton, 486 pp., $20*

## LOWER THAN POLITICS

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

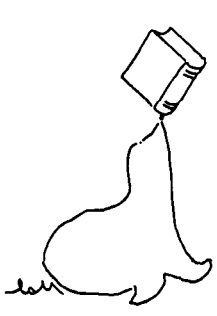
Despite Professor Struve's warning that this "is not an investigation of the intellectual origins of national socialism," it is hard to avoid reading the book with the Hitler Madness in mind. It is like trying to read about Rome without thinking of the decline and fall. Indeed, Struve constantly distinguishes between the civilized elite theorists he writes about and the dull, dimwitted parodies of real elitism produced by the Nazis. So he must have anticipated the problem.

Parallels insistently suggest themselves. One remembers Peter Gay's observation, in *Weimar Culture*, on the poetic cult of Goethe and Schiller, both, he says, "profoundly unpolitical writers, the first through avoiding the subject, the second through treating it as an adjunct to heroic action. Goethe's politics was apathy; Schiller's tyrannicide; neither was a mode calculated to prepare men for parliamentary compromise; both, in calling for something higher than politics, helped to pave the way for something lower—barbarism."

Something higher than politics: if this might be the epitaph of the Weimar Republic, it is the signature of Struve's antidemocratic theorists. They wished to reconcile the upheavals of a dawning democratic age with their nostalgia for order and authority. The German elite, they believed, must be openly recruited, a career open to talents. They admired, without at all understanding, the British aristocracy. Some of them were nostalgic for the authority the Junkers had brought to the Prussian army, and for the traditions of obedience and efficiency of the old imperial bureaucracy, both fading in the Weimar years. These theorists differed vastly in origin, temperament, and political outlook, whether right or left. Some were imperialists, others not; some pro-Junker, others anti-; some protectionists, others free-traders; some rallied coolly to republicanism after 1919, others disdained it. But one and all they argued that Germany's destiny could be realized only under a narrow governing elite, openly recruited but immune to what Hamilton once called "the prurient curiosity of the common herd."

For anyone who wonders—and it remains an interesting and unsettled question—why Western parliamentary democracy never struck root in Germany, even when Weimar offered the chance, this study is most enlightening. These German intellectuals, pondering the problems of state after 1890, were disappointed by the shabbiness of political reality (and perhaps of human nature, at that) and wished to improve on both. They wrote with a sniffy contempt for democracy, whether they were academics like Leonard Nelson and Oswald Spengler, business moguls like Walther Rathenau, or displaced Baltic nobles like Count Hermann Keyserling, who enjoyed considerable reclame on the American lecture circuit. Their thought, as it strikes the insular Anglo-American ear, could be astonishingly puerile, but they were not frivolous men and some paid a high price for political interest. Rathenau was assassinated in June 1922, while serving as Weimar foreign minister. Edgar Jung, a romantic poet who took his sensibility from the trenches of the Great War and believed "a people has only one right—to be ruled well," was murdered in the Roehm Purge of 1933 after a quixotic term as secretary to the playboy vice chancellor von Papen.

One finds in their writings an above-the-battle air, for they wrote recipes for utopias that would be governed, presumably, by men as selfless as themselves and not by willful men of limited vision and limitless appetite for power. Nelson, a philosophy teacher at Göttingen, thought, for instance, that "the way to prevent the rise of fascism was to erect a power independent of majority decisions." Democracy was vulgarians like Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson, the tribune of shopkeepers, the canting Calvinist. Nelson, again, on democracy: "It is the fools' stage on which the craftiest or best-paid chatterbox gets the better of that nobility of character which relies





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only upon the goodness of its cause." Even Thomas Mann, who would later repent, claimed to be "apolitical": "I do not want politics. I want objectivity, order, and propriety." Spengler, who would later dismiss Hitler as a *dummkopf*, a dumbbell, had helped dig the grave of democracy by scoffing at the notion of historical progress or improvement.

The examples might be multiplied; the point is clear. Germany was afflicted in these years by political philosophers flown with romantic idealism, in which logical opposites could be tidily "synthesized" into a higher whole; and if the untidy contradictions of politics and economic interest refused to behave in a Hegelian fashion, so much the worse for politics! When political thinkers of this tenor set the tone it hardly matters whether they put evil notions in wicked minds or just create a vacuum for evil men. The antidemocratic theorists were not, as is sometimes vulgarly assumed, proto-Nazis; they might have done less harm if they had been.

For a book billed as "a study in the social and political context of intellectual history," *Elites against Democracy* is heavy indeed on the intellectual history and very light on the social and political context. This makes for tough going, for with the exception of a lively chapter on Count Keyserling, Struve's elitist ideologues float through these pages in ghostly disembodiment.

Another thing bothers one too. It is that while Professor Struve manages to keep his own views firmly harnessed, one catches now and then a cryptic aside about America's "ruling class" and its "imperialist" designs here and there. Unless I am mistaken, these are the sly sallies of a cold war revisionist. No harm in that, necessarily; except that if Struve chooses to mix his attitudes into a work of history they should be openly and explicitly displayed for critical examination, not furtively flashed like filthy postcards in footnotes and throwaway lines. Such minor irritations aside, this is a useful and at times a penetrating book—for sturdy readers. It reiterates the useful old warning that contempt for the untidy processes of democracy is a dangerous indulgence, unless you have something better to offer. And Struve's antidemocratic elitists didn't. □

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*The Autobiographical Notes of Charles Evans Hughes*
*Edited by David J. Danelski and Joseph S. Tulchin*
*Harvard, 347 pp., $15*

## A CAREER OF PERFECT PROBITY

RENE KUHN BRYANT

It is both cheering and depressing to read this volume, recently published in the series "Studies in Legal History" by Harvard University Press. The book is a rather portly tome which has been given the sober but serviceable title, *The Autobiographical Notes of Charles Evans Hughes* by its editors, David J. Danelski and Joseph S. Tulchin. It is cheering to read because through the dense thickets of its pages, one can follow a career in public service that, for solid achievement and perfect probity, has had few equals in American political history since Jefferson's dazzling days. To contemplate Hughes's career in these Watergaited years, however, is a depressing occupation. One cannot avoid the suspicion that should a man such as he materialize magically from the wallow, it is unlikely we would even recognize him.

Still, reading these *Notes* as counterpoint to the headlines is a large part of their fascination. Consider, for example, a story which dates from Hughes's first foray into public service when, in 1906, as a young lawyer, he acted as investigative counsel for a New York State legislative inquiry into possible abuses in the insurance business. In examining some financial records, Hughes encountered a mysterious disbursement of $48,000 about which no one in authority could be very plausible. The witness whom Hughes called to testify directly on the unexplained item sought him out privately during the luncheon recess.

"Mr. Hughes," said Perkins, "you're handling dynamite. That $48,000 was a contribution to President [Theodore] Roosevelt's campaign fund. You wan to think very carefully before you pu that into evidence. You can't tell wha may come of it."

"After lunch," replied Mr. Hughes "I'm going to ask you what was don with that $48,000 and I expect a candi answer."

Rather improbably, Hughes went o from there to fashion an extremely suc cessful career as a working politician He was elected and reelected governo of New York, missed the Presidenc by a heartstoppingly small margin, an remained an influential force in Re publican Party politics for man decades.

One of the clues to Hughes's succes was his continuously easy, effectiv working arrangements with the press Despite his appearance of aloofness an the awed respect his massive dignit inspired, or perhaps because of them he managed a close, understanding part nership in the public interest with th newspapermen assigned to cover him i whatever office he held. This was espe cially notable during his years as Secre tary of State (1921-1925) and, again is in interesting contrast to the curren scene.

Had Hughes reached the pinnacle o political life and been elected to th Presidency against Wilson in 1916, h might not then later have gone on t the Supreme Court. (William Howar Taft, of course, did just that. History is seldom so neat, however, as to allov that kind of exact duplication.) An the nation would not then have had hi shrewd, stubborn defense of its highes court against the headlong rush of cru sading social legislation which char acterized the New Deal. The *Note* offer some sidelights on that titani struggle. There is, for example, an ap pealing picture of the lack of persona animosity in Franklin Roosevelt's atti tude toward Hughes after Hughes hac outgeneraled him in the battle to pre serve the integrity of the Supreme Court. Nor was the good feeling all or one side. In one of the rare personally revealing anecdotes Hughes allows him self in the *Notes*, he relates that, "Afte I had administered to him [Franklin Roosevelt] the oath of office for th third time, I told him that I had a impish desire to break the solemnity o that occasion by remarking, 'Franklin don't you think this is getting to be a trifle monotonous!' "



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One longs for more such stories, but for the most part, Hughes contents himself with fuller and further explications of issues and events which stirred him intellectually during his years in public life. It is a good deal but it is not really enough when one considers the moments of high human drama that filled those years as well. What must his feelings have been, when as newly appointed Chief Justice, responding to a request of a majority of the other justices, he had to ask the legendary Oliver Wendell Holmes for his resignation? Holmes had served on the Court for 30 years and was still, in his upper eighties, framing some of his most powerful and lucid opinions. His only failing was that he could no longer keep abreast of the detailed work of the conferences. Hughes had regarded Holmes as one of the truly heroic figures in American law for as long as he himself had been in practice. The scene must have been almost unbearably moving. And yet, in Hughes's stiff, dry way, it is rendered rather than written: "This was for me a highly disagreeable duty, but Justice Holmes received my suggestion, which was made as tactfully as possible, without the slightest indication of his resentment or opposition. At his request I got out from his bookshelves the applicable statute and he wrote out his resignation with his usual felicity of expression."

Even before his own retirement Hughes, quite characteristically, had begun to look toward his duty to his biographers. He engaged a young historian, Henry Beerits, to arrange his papers and make memoranda on various aspects of his life. Then for four years, at a leisurely pace, Hughes dictated these *Autobiographical Notes*, using Beerits' research and other pertinent papers all of which are incorporated here. For those with an interest in the sheer mechanics of a formidable legal intelligence at work, or with a curiosity about one of the most significant figures in American jurisprudence, the *Notes* are well worth slogging through. Those who would rather see the man whole had better read the biographer who has read these *Notes* and gone on from there. □

*The Comic Mind: Comedy and the Movies*
*By Gerald Mast*
*Bobbs-Merrill, 353 pp., $9.95*

## THE CASE FOR COMEDY

DAVID BRUDNOY

A healthy ignorance of technique and an obliviousness to records, books, and compendia of film trivia make for more "honest" film reviewing, we're told by some. But film critics usually exhibit advanced cases of masochism. We deserve what we get; we even buy books about the films we've come to loathe from overexposure. Every so often, mercifully, an intelligent linear volume about a visual medium comes along to bolster the sagging filmgoer's spirits. Gerald Mast's splendid book essays a rounded study of comedy on celluloid from dim movie antiquity until now. He defines as a comic film either one that has a comic plot and climate, or one that may lack comic plot but has a pervasive enough comic climate so that the overall effect is comic. That's a lot of comedy, and a mouthful, and it widely broadens the concept of cinema comedy beyond what most civilian film lovers consider as such. Mast's is a bold book and a successful one.

After introductory chapters setting up his concept of structures, thought, categories, and definitions in film comedy, laying out his premises clearly and concisely, Mast analyzes his examples through a series of subtle contrasts, antitheses, and comparisons. Not alone by any means among students of this genre, Mr. Mast believes that the finest years were the silent ones. The best parts of his book fondle and pinch the classic silent comedians: Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, Langdon, especially Chaplin. Not just Charlie the Tramp, familiar to everybody, but Charles Chaplin the genius filmmaker, who eschewed words (even his best "talkies" made imaginative use of sound with a minimum of actual speech) but brilliantly expressed his complex ideas about human behavior and social complexity. Chaplin understood the grammar and rhetoric of film, making of visual imagery a medium of communication as telling as literary works. Better than many dissections of Chaplin, Mast's rings true.

The author (an English and film professor and a sometime movie extra) possesses a finely honed sense of degree and dimension. Comparing Charlie and Buster, for example, he asserts, and illustrates nicely, that "where Chaplin's contrasts invariably center on social definitions of human respectability and success, Keaton's center on personal definitions of human integrity and accomplishment." No one quite measures up to Chaplin and Keaton in Mast's pantheon, as is clear from his sympathetic but ultimately unimpressed portrayals of what Harold Lloyd and Harry Langdon—the remaining two of the four 1920's comic successes—attempted to do and why. Were the book to end there, at the middle, it would still be very much worth the admission price.

Mast next plugs into sound comedy, tenderly, insightfully, though by no means with that unbridled enthusiasm he reserves for the silent masterpieces. Ranging over virtually the entirety of Western comic film, he examines the Marx Brothers, W. C. Fields, Jacques Tati, and on and on, down, down to the dregs, like Jerry Lewis, whose "films prove conclusively that great film comedy is not a matter of sight gags, pratfalls, funny faces, easy sentimentality, fancy camera angles, clever sound effects, or tricky cutting. The soul of comedy is the brain." And the brain seems far less in evidence in the comic talkies, with certain exceptions, than in the mute oldies.

Mast takes comedy seriously, as do all hooked film lovers. The best comic movies raise questions lacking answers, "pose dilemmas whose horns cannot be avoided, state social and human problems that have no solution. In short, they expose human folly and present no cure, for folly is an incurably human disease for which (as Beckett said in *Waiting for Godot*) there is 'nothing to be done.'" Nothing, perhaps, to be done, but revel in the comic greats and accord them the honor they deserve. □



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(Continued from page 372)

to ask whether their economic and social systems must always function in the shadow of the vetoes of desert potentates whose power is their own artificial creation. In parenthetical asides there are hints of retaliation with unspecified measures, and even allusions to the specter of racial and social dislocations. A guarded, discreet, and tentative rethinking is taking place as to whether the age of imperialism is indeed, as Sumner Welles once said, over. John Foster Dulles, as Secretary of State in 1956, put forward the idea that there should be a Users' Club for the Suez Canal to administer its operations jointly, and to prevent Egypt from demanding a political and economic tribute from the technologically developed countries as once the Barbary pirates did for the use of the Mediterranean Sea.

Ideally, the United Nations should have been the authority as its Charter specified for guaranteeing to all nations an equal access to the raw materials of the globe. But the United Nations Assembly has virtually lost its moral authority as it has become a forum for the venting of hatred by the delegates from pre-industrial countries against the democratic industrial ones. There was not a ripple of protest among the "Third World" delegates when President Idi Amin of Uganda endorsed Hitler's policy of genocide for the Jews. And most of the African countries, though they were the prey into modern times of Arab slave traders, whose routine cruelties toward blacks surpassed anything known in the Western Hemisphere, have aligned themselves with the Arab regimes. An alliance not of the "have nots" so much as the "know nots" has emerged, with the distribution of dollars from the Arab royalties providing a new version of "dollar diplomacy."

The Western European countries will undoubtedly for a time acquiesce patiently to the extortion and anxiety-mongering of the Arab regimes. The Soviet rulers have done what they could to propagandize a stereotype of the Jews as the causative agents of the oil crisis, and to fill the political atmosphere with neo-medieval suspicion and unreason. When this propaganda failed to meet with success, the Soviet regime became concerned that the oil crisis might create a new unity of the Western European oil-using nations. Dulles' forgotten idea of a Users' Club might then take a place on a political agenda. For the never-ending threat of Arab oil embargoes, the drains of tribute to Arab sheiks, and above all the anxiety engendered for their industrial existence might well finally provoke a response of collective self-preservation in the form of a Western neo-Social Imperialism. The industrially developed societies might act to found raw material enclaves in selected areas where their own workmen, for instance, would operate the oil wells. For the years of anti-imperialist teaching have disabused the West of any notions of "a white man's burden" or a "civilizing mission." If a neo-Social Imperialism were to arise, it would resemble much more the original conception of the Panama Canal, an extension of American labor and management for collective industrial advancement and trade.

If a neo-Social Imperialism arises, it may well be administered and operated directly by international governmental agencies. For the so-called multinational corporations, the whipping-boys of the old Marxists, have shown themselves singularly docile in their dealings with the Arab oligarchs. It is Aramco,


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the Arabian-American Oil Company, with the majority of its shares owned by several American oil companies, which would wish to see the American government abandon its support of Israel. Leftists and Communists repeat their old Leninist shibboleth that Zionist Israel is an outpost of Western capitalist imperialism. Actually the multinational oil corporations see their economic interest as more tied to the Arab regimes. When President Harry Truman recognized and supported the State of Israel, his Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, felt that the President's policy was not in keeping with American national interests. As Acheson has written, he thought the creation of a Jewish state would "imperil not only American but all Western interests in the Near East." So-called capitalist imperialism mostly agreed with Dean Acheson's judgment. What the Yom Kippur War has done, however, is to demonstrate that an Arab extortionism can threaten the industrial societies and their peoples' mode of life, something far transcending the profits or convenience of a few multinational corporations. And a neo-Social Imperialism, acting through collective agencies, might be precisely what the Marxist Oskar Lange once called "a people's imperialism." The Arab regimes have devised an oil weapon which hangs like a Damocles' sword over Western industrial societies. Perhaps Damocles was paralyzed into inaction. The Western countries may however recover their will to action; if the material conditions of existence partially shape men's thoughts, then we may find Europe rethinking the whole question of imperialism. Lenin thought it was the last stage of capitalism; Stalin and Brezhnev have turned imperialism into second and third stages of socialism; the industrial countries might find that it is a necessity imposed on industrial societies by the anarchy and extortion of the relatively nonindustrial ones.

The fear of a clash with the Soviet Union certainly at the present time inhibits a Western European intervention into the oil-producing areas of the Middle East. But there is also the feeling


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that in a showdown with a united Western Europe, the Soviet Union would not risk a war over Middle Eastern oil. It has no direct economic interest itself in these areas, and a war would endanger its own social existence. If the Arab oligarchies practice oil brinksmanship, they will probably find that their Soviet ally will leave them at the brink with only Leninist texts of comfort, but no more.

Thus, whether there will be a revival of a neo-Social Imperialism may depend chiefly on the Arab nations themselves. If they find themselves drawn in exhilaration to their newfound roles as makers and unmakers of the industrial life of Western Europe, if they too much relish the savor of a politics of anxiety, their regimes will find themselves one day removed, and their swollen foreign assets frozen. Social reality has its analogue of the law that to every action there is an equal and corresponding reaction. Human values, fears, and caution may postpone and even deflect that reaction, but the lands of Eden may turn out to be once more a fool's paradise as their potentates taste of the tree of power, the draught of the oil well. □

### HOELTERHOFF

(Continued from page 377)

*ah, parli a un core*," ending in a dramatic ensemble, provides an outstanding half hour.

It is such splendid music that one should invest in the RCA four-record release. Then one will also learn to love the overture, which is fun, Elena's opening statement, and Arrigo's brief, simpering "*La brezza aleggia.*" The cast, except for Milnes, is different from the Met's production, but James Levine provides energetic conducting for both events. Martina Arroyo (Elena) is her usual grand but dull self. Tenor Placido Domingo sings with as much elan on the recording as Nicolai Gedda, who coped well with a composer he is not normally associated with. Ruggero Raimondi and Justino Díaz are the fine Procidas. The tonal quality of the album is very good, with the chorus, so important in this opera, sounding fresh and full. Credit for *Vespri*'s hopeless libretto, as well as for that of *Les Huguenots*, Donizetti's *Duce d'Alba* (which is essentially *I Vespri* set in the Netherlands), and hundreds more, goes to Eugène Scribe. His fecundity and intellect can only be compared to those of a rabbit. □


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# Solzhenitsyn's Modest Proposal

**On The Right**

*Rougemont*, March 14—The vision of Solzhenitsyn continues to unwind before a world stunned by its magnificence, and now an act of audacity unequaled in recorded history: a 15,000-word letter to Soviet leaders asking them to abandon Marxist ideology, no less. But this letter—written last September and transmitted then to these leaders and released only now for public scrutiny—was not merely a theatrical gesture. It is composed, for all that it is sublime in its impact, of Russian earth. It is the deed of an obsessed but wholesome patriot. It could not have been written except by a Russian who had experienced Soviet history in every pore, and felt in his soul the great weight of Russian history. And there are in it of course invocations of human idealism. But, mostly, it is: cold turkey.

Solzhenitsyn communicates how preoccupied Soviet leaders are with the possibility (probability?) of war with China. Solzhenitsyn says it quite clearly, that Russia and China are on a nonnuclear collision course. The reason is primarily ideological. He does not see how such a war, lasting ten years or more, could result in less than 60 million Russian casualties—double the casualties of this bloody Russian century, two world wars plus Stalin. Ideological differences would trigger the war. "And what do you think will happen [then]? That, when war breaks out, both the belligerents will simply fly the purity of their ideology on their flags? And that 60 million of our fellow countrymen will allow themselves to be killed because the sacred truth is written on page 533 of Lenin and not on page 335 as our adversary claims? Surely only the very very first of them will die for that."

After that, he says, Russians will fight for Russia, even as they did in the Second World War, when Stalin prudently retired all talk of international socialism, until the people of Russia had rebuffed the invader, permitting Stalin to resume his internal holocaust. And when *that* happens, the present leadership of Russia will be dispossessed anyway, and Russia will not only be through as the principal patron of worldwide class warfare, but will also be so weakened by the experience of the war that it will lose the ties to Western culture that animate it.

Solzhenitsyn goes on to spell out a great vision to Soviet leaders, if only they would turn their attention inward. He sees the world suffering from a great Western heresy, the idea of eternal growth. It has led in Russia—notwithstanding the central direction of economic development—to the ruination of the land, the sea, the air, the community, and the human being. The great opportunity for Russia is to look—northeast. There is Siberia, peopled now by a scant couple of hundred thousand. Siberia could receive the Russian hordes and there they might recapture something of the old life, made more enticing by the knowledge of what it is that they had fled from. There would be clean waters, and silent skies, and two-story houses, and women not forced to work, and streets from which gas burning engines would be banned, and evenings made bearable other than by saturation in vodka, and—above all—an absence of lies. "Lies, lies, lies," more oppressive in modern Russia than any of the material privations that have resulted from ideological fanaticism.

THINK about it, Solzhenitsyn says, as though he were in the village marketplace, bargaining with a merchant for a table lamp. Think of it. You don't have to go right away to a parliamentary democracy. Russia's experience with democracy has been for only eight months in 1917, and they proved disastrous. It would be an authoritarian government, for a good while: and the present leaders could protect themselves in power. They would need only to: renounce Marxism. Permit people to say what they want, to practice their religion, to read what they want. "Only allow us a free art and literature and you will see what a rich harvest it brings."

"What have you to fear? Is the idea really so terrible? Are you really so unsure of yourself? You will still have a great and impregnable power, a separate, strong, and exclusive party, the army, the police force, industry, transport, communications, mineral wealth, a monopoly foreign trade, an artificial rate of exchange for the ruble—but let the people breathe, let them think and develop. If you belong to the people heart and soul, there can be nothing to hold you back!"

Five months later, Solzhenitsyn was plucked out of Russia and dumped in Germany. But his great epistle to the Russian leaders—an instant classic—will survive them all: and may yet be critical in ensuring the survival of the country he loves so deeply. □

## THE VICTIMIZATION OF OWEN LATTIMORE

*Rougemont*, March 4—The People's Republic of China has done something that gravely imperils the cause of detente. It has uncovered Professor Owen Lattimore. It has been said of him that he is a "reactionary historian" and—"an international spy."

Many years ago Senator Joseph R. McCarthy—it was his most famous charge—said that Lattimore was a Communist spy. There was a lot of investigation, and as the power of McCarthyism waned, the reputation of Lattimore was vindicated. So that one never runs into his name nowadays without some reference to his having been "vindicated."

That would hardly appear to be the word for it. Apparently, all this time, while more or less pretending to be pro-Communist, he was really an anti-Communist. More, an international spy!

Owen Lattimore wrote a book shortly after the war called *Solution in Asia*. The jacket of that book described the contents neatly. "He [Lattimore] shows that all the Asiatic people are more interested in actual democratic practices such as the ones they can see in action across the Russian border, than they are in the fine theories of Anglo-Saxon democracies which come coupled with ruthless imperialism. . . . He inclines to support American newspapermen who report that the only real democracy in China is found in Communist areas."

That was pretty rank stuff, and no



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doubt, in saying it, Lattimore convinced the Communists that he was really on their side. Indeed, only two years ago Chou En-lai gave a big party in honor of Lattimore in Peking, so convincingly had Lattimore presented himself as sympathetic to Mao during this last generation.

However, since it is the practice of the CIA never to disclose the identity of its agents, one fears that Lattimore will not be betrayed as an American superspy. Accordingly, he will have to fight to establish his innocence of Peking's charges. What can he do? Everyone knows that there is no freedom in China, none to speak, to organize, to emigrate, to practice religion, to seek out a job of one's choice, to study what you want where you want. These deprivations haven't bothered the legion of admirers who in recent years have swarmed over China: Barbara Tuchman, for instance, or John Kenneth Galbraith, or Harrison Salisbury, or Seymour Topping, or James Reston. The cultural revolution in which a million or so were killed, following on the heels of the purges of the preceding decades, didn't in the least undermine the enthusiasm for Mao. But now, what if Owen Lattimore accuses the Chinese Communists of—McCarthyism!

WHAT would Barbara Tuchman say? Or John Fairbank? Or Arthur Schlesinger? I mean, we all want peace in this world, sure. And we can afford to be understanding if the Chinese revolution requires an average of 1.5 million victims per year, and an absolutely totalitarianized society admitting of no human freedom—that's okay. But McCarthyism we cannot accept. If Owen Lattimore persuades the Eastern Seaboard Establishment that Peking is McCarthyite, they'll impeach Nixon not for Watergate, but for having gone and made friends with Chou En-lai.

This poses very grave questions of public policy. While I am ordinarily sympathetic with the iron code of the CIA that its agents are never uncovered, I for one think that in the case of Owen Lattimore an exception should be made. After all, we live in dangerous times. A nuclear war could dash the hopes of mankind. East and West *must* meet. And anyway, why should CIA suffer from the exposure of just this one operation? After all, they had McCarthy fooled into believing Lattimore was a Communist, and that was 24 years ago. You can't expect to fool all the people all the time, and Peking's discovery reminds us we've got to stay on our toes. Let's swallow our pride like a man, decorate Owen Lattimore for his services as an international spy, and pull together for detente, by making it clear that the Chinese Communists may do a lot of things we don't agree with, but it is wrong, and unfair, to accuse them of McCarthyism. □

## THE SILVER LINING

*Rougemont*, March 16 —In Europe you hear it said that traveling in America has got to be tough because a) nobody speaks anything but American and b) everybody is rude.

Concerning the first of these points, it is of course true. And having myself been stuck in strange countries with no means of intercommunication, I wonder how they do it: I mean, the European or Asiatic traveler who wrestles his way from one coast to another knowing no English at all. The key of course is the little guide book of essential phrases, the trouble with which is that the essential phrase one seeks is most generally not there.

Concerning the second complaint, I fear that the distinctive demeanor of New Yorkers passes among many Europeans as typical. But even in New York there are surprises. I pass along, for the benefit of those jaded in anti-Americanism, the recent experience of a Spanish lady traveling from Columbia, South Carolina to meet her husband at the international airport at JFK, preparatory to leaving for Spain.

The lady is very shy, very pregnant, and, alas for the purposes of this story, very beautiful. But let us assume that the pregnancy and the beauty cancel each other out, for the purposes of accounting for this tale of chivalry.

Arriving in Columbia and presenting her ticket to Delta at the counter, it transpired that she could not handle English very well. Whereupon the ticket clerk wrote out a letter explaining in detail the lady's itinerary. A black skycap then took her in hand, checked her baggage through to New York (via Atlanta, which is Delta's idea of how to save fuel), took her right into the airplane, and handed her tenderly to the stewardess, who sat her down, stowed her hand luggage, and smiled warmly.

In Atlanta, she was met at the ramp by another Delta stewardess, a lady of great charm who had apparently been wired by Columbia. She insisted on carrying the hand luggage and escorted her to the gate of the connecting plane, which left on schedule arriving in due course at JFK.

There she proceeded to the baggage collection center and was accosted by a skycap (white, this time) who led her suavely by the hand to a bench nearby, insisting that she sit there. Having inquired into her plans, he telephoned to the motel to verify that her reservations were in order; waited for the baggage; and, when it arrived, went back to the motel telephone to instruct the shuttle to come along and pick her up.

MEANWHILE, a gentleman who had seen her on board the plane and now saw her sitting, apparently disconsolate, alone on a bench, approached her and asked if she was well, and if she needed a ride to New York City. She explained in halting English that she was fine, thanks so much; at which point the skycap returned and, suspecting that the gentleman was being obtrusive, indignantly asked him his business. The lady reassured the skycap, the gentleman left, and now the skycap went outside into the freezing cold to wait for the shuttle bus, instructing her to stay seated where it was warm.

And then—incredibly—when she made the attempt to pay him for his services, he smiled, raised his hand remonstratively; and waved her godspeed. She writes me, "They say the Americans are, all of them, rough, and of evil character, and dehumanized, but caramba, look what a day I had!"

I like that, and thought you would. □

**(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)**

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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. O WHAT MUSH!
57 2 196 207 22 183 211 226 73

B. A type of gourd
85 177 156 184 41 204 224 102

C. A king of England and a president of the United States
95 77 92 134 193 173

D. Town in Whiteside County, Ill.
132 60 44 4 147 157

E. Former place of entertainment in Brooklyn
141 3 37 58 64 68 91 124 149 206 182

F. A place of honor, even for Liberals
154 48 34 140 187 148 223 25 218

G. A breed of dog
159 49 11 90 130 7

H. A table item containing certain seasoning
164 16 43 189 14 69 72 186 221 5

I. Grant's middle name before he entered West Point
167 93 198 136 143 26 174

J. One of the United States
181 62 111 158 10 96 24

K. Where Gehrig played
15 172 160 108 197 222 138 178 103

L. Intermittently
23 36 50 144 33 192 65 79

M. SHOT RATE
52 152 122 35 161 17 67 139

N. Town in England, north of Manchester
194 1 19 42 45 47 56 63 89 97 110 114

O. City in Italy
209 104 74 205 51

P. Thoroughfare in Washington, D.C.
219 12 32 59 71 88 101 121 126 153 165

Q. Producing loud noises
6 220 98 109 127 179 214 9 119 128

R. Furnish explanations
38 99 203 112 123 80 175 70

S. A bison's skin
61 78 137 171 180 185 46 190 13 82 86

T. Baseball player who thought he was Napoleon and had others believing it
66 105 162 150 145 225

U. Town in Dubuque County, Iowa
76 155 27 170 125 151 18

V. Parish seat of Lincoln Parish, La.
116 131 39 169 188 28

W. Type of mollusk
118 94 53 30 40 20

X. A rabbit
176 202 217 113 212

Y. Mistaken
191 83 166 195 81 115 199 216 106

Z. Untanned cattle skin
201 84 21 31 135 100 107

a. Type of traffic artery
8 133 142 129 163 55 208 210 213 117

b. A game in which it is hard to get even
29 87 146 75 120 168 215 200 54

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 388 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 N | 2 A | 3 E | 4 D | 5 H | 6 Q | 7 G | ■ | 8 a | 9 Q | 10 J | 11 G | ■ | 12 P | 13 S | 14 H | ■ | 15 K | 16 H | 17 M |
| 18 U | 19 N | 20 W | ■ | 21 Z | 22 A | 23 L | ■ | 24 J | 25 F | 26 I | 27 U | ■ | 28 V | 29 b | 30 W | 31 Z | 32 P | 33 L | 34 F |
| ■ | 35 M | 36 L | ■ | 37 E | 38 R | 39 V | 40 W | 41 B | 42 N | 43 H | 44 D | ■ | 45 N | 46 S | ■ | 47 N | 48 P | 49 G | ■ |
| 50 L | 51 O | 52 M | 53 W | 54 b | ■ | 55 a | 56 N | 57 A | 58 E | ■ | 59 P | 60 D | 61 S | 62 J | 63 N | 64 E | 65 L | ■ | 66 T |
| 67 M | 68 E | 69 H | 70 R | 71 P | ■ | 72 H | ■ | 73 A | 74 O | 75 b | 76 U | ■ | 77 C | 78 S | 79 L | ■ | 80 R | 81 Y | 82 S |
| ■ | 83 Y | 84 Z | 85 B | 86 S | 87 b | ■ | 88 P | 89 N | 90 G | 91 E | 92 C | 93 I | 94 W | ■ | 95 C | 96 J | 97 N | 98 Q | 99 R |
| 100Z | ■ | 101P | 102B | 103K | ■ | 104O | 105T | 106Y | 107Z | 108K | ■ | 109Q | 110N | ■ | 111J | 112R | 113X | 114N | 115Y |
| 116V | ■ | 117a | 118W | 119Q | ■ | 120b | 121P | 122M | ■ | 123R | 124E | 125U | 126P | 127Q | ■ | 128Q | 129a | ■ | 130G |
| 131V | 132D | 133a | ■ | 134C | 135Z | 136I | ■ | 137S | 138K | 139M | 140F | 141E | 142a | ■ | 143I | 144L | 145T | 146b | ■ |
| 147D | 148F | 149E | ■ | 150T | 151U | 152M | 153P | 154F | ■ | 155U | 156B | 157D | 158J | 159G | 160K | 161M | ■ | 162T | 163a |
| 164H | 165P | ■ | 166Y | 167I | 168b | ■ | 169V | 170U | ■ | 171S | 172K | 173C | 174I | 175R | ■ | 176X | 177B | 178K | 179Q |
| ■ | 180S | 181J | 182E | ■ | 183A | 184B | 185S | 186H | ■ | 187F | 188V | ■ | 189H | 190S | 191Y | ■ | 192L | 193C | 194N |
| 195Y | 196A | 197K | ■ | 198I | 199Y | 200b | ■ | 201Z | 202X | 203R | ■ | 204B | 205O | 206E | ■ | 207A | 208a | 209O | ■ |
| 210a | 211A | 212X | ■ | 213a | 214Q | 215b | 216Y | 217X | 218F | ■ | 219P | 220Q | 221H | ■ | 222K | 223F | 224B | 225T | 226A |

**Mr. Petersen's Trans-O-Grams are in book form, ($2.50) available from NR Box 1774.**



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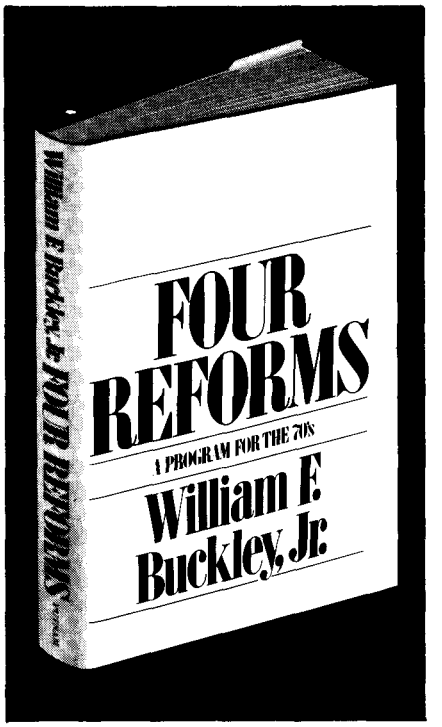


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